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Diary of the Week.

The irreconcilable elements in the Unionist party have achieved their end, and Mr. Balfour has resigned the leadership. The circumstances of his retirement give him a certain claim to the regard of Liberals. For at bottom he has been driven out of his position for the offence of recognising that Democracy has arrived, and that neither Tariff Reform nor the privilege of the hereditary house can serve as an effective standard of opposition. Mr. Balfour's later career, in short, has been ineffective, because his position was as such untenable, and the most serious mistake that he made as a politician has been his refusal to recognise the inherent contradictions which his leadership involved. Never in sympathy with Tariff Reform, he constantly allowed its formulas to be forced upon him, and the skill with which he kept the Protectionist elements at bay was more amusing than edifying. He allowed himself in fact to be governed too exclusively by the desire to maintain at all hazards the unity of the party, and though he has played the game with amazing skill and resource, it has been at the cost of successive electoral defeats, and in the end of his own personal position.

Mr. Asquith's speech at Guildhall on Thursday night began with a warm tribute to Mr. Balfour, "by universal consent the most distinguished member of the greatest deliberative assembly in the world," and then proceeded to deal with our foreign policy, and the attitude of the Government towards industrial disputes. While insisting that mediation in the Italian-Turkish war should represent "the conjoint proceeding of the Powers," he expressed the Government's anxiety to take "full advantage of any favoring possibility" to that end. The settlement of the Moroccan question was "a relief to Europe," and removed the greatest obstacle to the smooth working of European diplomacy. While we would maintain existing friendships loyally and intact, "our friendships were neither exclusive nor jealous," and we would do nothing to "curtail or fetter the natural and legitimate aspirations" of other Powers. Mr. Churchill, replying to the toast of the Imperial Forces, said that the Navy was strong, both actually and relatively. Should there be no increase in the German Navy Law next year—and the statements of German Ministers that hitherto it had not been exceeded in any way were strictly borne out by events—then we had reached high-water mark in naval expenditure, and the nations "would enter a more trustful and more genial climate of opinion."

* * *

SIR EDWARD GREY took the opportunity of an apparently arranged question to make a statement on Tuesday on Anglo-German relations. He gave a guarded *démenti* to the Cartwright allegations, after which it remains probable that though our Ambassador did not authorise the communication of a virulently anti-German interview to the "Neue Freie Presse," it did substantially represent his very notorious views. There followed a homily on the errors of the Press, and an expression of a hope that with the end of the Moroccan incident the recent tension would disappear. It was a rather prickly olive branch. On Thursday came a rather startling statement from Herr Bethmann-Hollweg to the Reichstag. It was mainly a moderate defence of his Moroccan policy. Germany had intended no provocation, had never desired territory in Morocco, and had secured what she aimed at. Morocco was not worth a war; but, by way of reply to the Prussian Junkers, whose organ had complained that there will never be another war because the Kaiser is a pacifist, he declared that the Kaiser was ready to draw the sword if need be for Germany's honor. This appeal to the gallery indicates how sharply the pacific tendencies of the Kaiser are at variance with the views of the dominant caste, and depict to any mind which has imagination the difficulty in which the provocation from this side placed a monarch who really is a moderating influence. In reply to Mr. Lloyd George's speech, he explained that Germany had expressed her readiness to take this country into the Agadir "conversations," if a request should reach her through the ordinary diplomatic channels.

* * *

FULL news of the position of the Italian forces in Tripoli is now available, though it is ten days late. It

comes from correspondents who have shaken off the dust of General Caneva's camp in protest against his methods of barbarism. Allowing for differences of temperament and style, the picture is free from any notable inconsistency or divergence of view. The Italians are at present besieged in narrow lines round the town. They are demoralised by inexperience and the dread of a repetition of the Adowa disaster. General Caneva shuts himself up in his fortress, and seems to lack the qualities of a leader. The attack from the rear in the Oasis was at one moment serious. The Arabs who rose behind the Bersaglieri were hidden among trees, walls, and houses, and their attack was as determined as it was sudden. But it is doubtful whether more than a hundred civilians were engaged in it. The rising was premature, and failed to coincide with the real Turkish attack, which came three days later. General Caneva has not been recalled, but General Frugoni, who has gone out with reinforcements, will be the real chief. He threatens to treat all Arab combatants, whether in the zone of occupation or outside it, as "rebels," who are legally Italian subjects. Such a perversion of military law would be unthinkable if the whole enterprise were anything better than brigandage.

THE evidence for indiscriminate killing now rests on the testimony of (1) Lieutenant Munro, an English volunteer with the Turks, who found houses and mosques full of heaps of slaughtered Arabs, including old men, women, and children. (2) Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, who is Reuter's correspondent, and has forwarded a narrative of things personally seen on the fourth day of the slaughter, countersigned by two other English correspondents. They recite six cases of the wanton killing of unarmed Arabs along the road they traversed, which they personally witnessed. There was no trial or interrogation, and no possible ground for suspecting that these persons had taken part in the attack four days earlier or had concealed arms. They saw heaps of recently slaughtered natives, including old men and boys. Even cripples and the bedridden sick were massacred.

THERE is further (3) a quieter and more apologetic narrative from the "Times" correspondent, which substantially conveys the same impression; (4) a long and able narrative, perhaps the most damning of them all, in the "Manchester Guardian"; (5) a less balanced, but clearly sincere denunciation from the American correspondent, Mr. McCullagh; (6) the fact that a German correspondent joined his English and American colleagues in retiring from Tripoli by way of protest. A probable guess places the total slaughter at 4,000, including some two or three hundreds of women. The charge is that General Caneva, who first ordered the shooting of Arabs taken with arms, afterwards altered the order to that of shooting Arabs suspected of having arms or of being combatants. This he has denied in a foolishly-insolent answer, which suggests that perhaps a projectile hit someone by mistake. The evidence for a general massacre is absolutely overwhelming. Sir Edward Grey declines to answer questions on the ground that we are "neutrals" in the war, and will not produce consular evidence because the consul was not present in person. Have we no military attaché?

LAST Tuesday the Prime Minister met a deputation of adult suffragists, introduced by Mr. Henderson, with the momentous announcement that the Government proposed next session to introduce a Bill giving Manhood Suffrage upon a six-months' residential qualifica-

tion. Such a measure would abolish plural voting, remove all the present anomalies of registration, and add some four million voters to the electorate. Though this proposal renders Redistribution inevitable, so as to secure that one vote shall have one value, it by no means follows that these two objects can be compassed in a single act. It would be impossible to get through a Bill next Session embodying the redistribution policy. It would be equally foolish for the Government not to pass their Suffrage Bill next Session, so as to bring it into operation at the end of the present Parliament. So it may be assumed that the simple Franchise Bill carried through all its stages in the Commons next Session, will be followed by a Redistribution Bill in the last Session of the Parliament. We deal elsewhere with the effect of the new proposal upon Woman Suffrage.

THE Joint Executive Committee of the four Railway Trade Unions, failing to persuade the representatives of the companies to meet them for a discussion of the findings of the Commission, has decided to take a ballot of railway men at the beginning of next month on a proposal to strike. Two questions are to be submitted, "whether they are prepared to accept the findings of the Royal Commission as set forth in the proposed scheme; if not, are they prepared to withdraw their labor in favor of the recognition of the trade unions, and of a programme for all railway men, to be agreed upon by members of this Committee." Both parties appear to be making themselves ready for battle. The branch meetings of the men, especially on the Great Northern centres and in South Wales, are unanimously bellicose, and attempts are being made to enlist the support of the miners in a strike policy. The directors of the companies, on their side, are organising concerted action, preparing reserves of "loyalists" to take the place of strikers, and barracks in which to house and protect them.

APART from the Orangemen, there seems to be singularly little fight in the opposition to Home Rule. Mr. Balfour made one of his academic speeches at the Nonconformist Unionist Club on Monday, maintaining that a Parliament must either be independent or reduced to purely municipal functions; that all progress was towards unity, and not away from it; that the Irish, beginning with dependence, would move further and further from us; that Grattan's Parliament was a failure, and that the Parliament now proposed was to be unprecedented in character, and yet because of its essential likeness to Grattan's, doomed to fail. It is easy enough to knock the heads of Mr. Balfour's various dialectical porcelain against one another. But it is not worth doing, because very little of it is serious argument. As to the main question of subordination, Mr. Redmond spoke very decisively on the previous Saturday at Rawtenstall. Whatever may have been the bitterness of the past, Irishmen no longer desired to separate. They were determined to remain within the Empire, and they not only accepted in full the final supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, but would be glad to retain their representation within it "on a basis and in numbers to be decided by your own wisdom."

THE Chinese Court, as commonly happens amid revolutionary movements that have been long pent up, has capitulated too late. Its promise of constitutional monarchy, with a Parliament which elects its Premier, has apparently failed to exert the slightest influence on

the situation. So far as one can judge from telegrams, Yuan-Shih-Kai, who remains inactive, might as well never have been offered the Premiership. There was, for a moment, some hope of a moderate compromise, which the Army League, a secret society that controls the Northern Chinese soldiery, was disposed to accept. But its chief, General Wu-Lu-Cheng, was murdered by some Manchu soldiers. The Court is accused of the crime, and racial passion among the Chinese Liberals now demands a clean and drastic solution, the end of the Manchu ascendancy, and the establishment of a Republic. Shanghai and Canton are practically in rebel hands, and only near Hankow is there any Loyalist force that can and will fight. Peking is now isolated, since all the railways that lead to it are in the hands of rebel troops or bands, though the news of its actual "fall" was premature.

* * *

THE news from Persia could hardly be graver. The Anglo-Indian troops are marching to Shiraz and the Russian Consular guards all over the North are to be reinforced to a figure which raises the Russian army to 4,000 men. Russia also threatens the early and formal occupation of the two provinces on the Caspian shore. But the most inexcusable of all these manoeuvres is the steady opposition of the two Powers to any Persian effort after voluntary improvement and re-organisation. The new Russian Foreign Minister, M. Neratoff, has informed the "Novoe Vremya" that British and Russian representations to Sweden have vetoed the entry of twenty Swedish officers into the Persian service. Further, he censures Mr. Shuster, the American Financial Controller, for attempting to introduce "an unduly drastic scheme of reforms." Mr. Shuster perceived that the insolvency of Persia was due mainly to the fact that Persian grantees had for years evaded the payment of their taxes. He sent his Treasury Gendarmes to enforce payment, and Russia used her Cossacks to defend the defaulters from such "unduly drastic" treatment. Mr. Shuster's defence, a long and absolutely convincing document, appears in the "Times" this week. It is impossible to summarise it briefly, and for the present it must suffice to say that it absolutely convicts the Russian agents of active complicity in the ex-Shah's invasion, while it records with unchallenged detail the action taken by Russia to protect Persian subjects from the obligation to pay Persian taxes.

* * *

THE publication of the Franco-German agreement on Morocco confirms the forecasts which were generally accepted. France secures a protectorate in Morocco, with the right to represent it abroad. Her authority is limited only by clauses which reserve for the future some re-arrangement of the Consular Courts, and secure on paper equality of treatment for foreign trade, prohibit differential rates on railways, permit foreign mining companies to build branch lines, forbid export duties on minerals, and prescribe a division of patronage in the allocation of contracts for public works. These are vital concessions, which secure in right and in name the objects which Germany mainly had in view, while they are excessively distasteful to French capitalists. The Press of both countries at first expressed discontent, but when it became known that Herr von Lindequist, the German Colonial Minister, had resigned by way of protest, the bitterness of the French papers became assuaged. In the Congo the compensations secured by Germany are less extensive and much less valuable than at first sight seemed probable. On the whole, the

balance of success seems to us to lie decidedly with France, if we assume that she will observe the commercial stipulations in Morocco no more faithfully than is her wont. It remains for her to settle with Spain, which, of course, demands compensation for her special interests. There are rumors of some imminent rearrangement, involving all the Powers settled on the West African coast.

* * *

WE trust that Sir Edward Grey's statement on the Sugar Convention next week will be found to justify Mr. Asquith's hopeful assurances. Sir Edward Grey must realise that he has a good deal to explain. The general increase in the cost of living is in the main our misfortune, but in respect of sugar it is largely our fault. The price of sugar is artificially raised by a duty of a farthing in the pound, and by the operation of the Sugar Convention. Under this Convention Russia, which has enjoyed a good crop of beet this year, is prevented from exporting more than 200,000 tons, and when she applied for permission to sell 400,000 tons more to the consumers who stand in urgent need of it, the Commission agreed in principle but postponed the detailed consideration of the matter till December 8th. Meanwhile sugar in this country has risen to about 2½d. per lb. Before the tax and the Convention it was 1½d. The Convention was the ewe lamb of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform movement. That it was not denounced in 1907 was due to considerations of policy advanced by Sir Edward Grey. We cannot now extricate ourselves from it till 1913. Meanwhile, it has at least an educational value. There in Russia is the sugar. Here in England are industries calling out for it as raw material, and consumers fretting at the all-round increase of prices. Between them stands the Convention with its fiat—no export beyond the prescribed amount till December 8th, and then "we will see."

* * *

THE departure to-day from England of the King and Queen for the great Durbar ceremony at Delhi next month is, of course, an unexampled event. King George, like his father, has made personal acquaintance with India as Prince of Wales; but never before has an English Sovereign set foot in the Eastern Dominions of the Crown. The King's message to the Princes and peoples of India will doubtless outline future policy, and naturally presents a certain difficulty to his Majesty's advisers. A remission of taxation is, we are told, impossible, for, by comparison with the last decade, these are lean years for the Indian Exchequer, and still greater stringency is ahead, consequent upon the gradual loss of the opium revenue. On the other hand, it would be a momentous event if King George, from the capital of the Moghuls, were to proclaim to India and the world that the epoch of absolute tutelage and suspicion has now reached its natural term, and henceforth a growing measure of confidence would be accorded to the Indian people. An obvious step in this direction would be the release of the political prisoners who are still in gaol. The prison doors are invariably opened in India on the occasion of a Royal celebration, and it would be regrettable if King George's visit only opened them to common criminals. Another clear step towards appeasement offers itself in Bengal. The headship of the Western Provinces is vacant, and a Royal Commission has recommended, without qualification, the change to a Council Government, as in Bombay and Madras, with a Governor appointed from England. This is unmistakably the path both of constructive statesmanship and of reconciliation.

Politics and Affairs.

MR. BALFOUR—AND AFTER.

WE speak with entire sincerity when we say that we deeply regret Mr. Balfour's retirement from the leadership of the Unionist Party. Mr. Balfour is the best critical mind in the country, and this is not a time when criticism should be left to second-rate intellects and third-rate characters. He is our first Parliamentary. And he is the only great living Conservative. It has been the evil fortune of his later days that these brilliant gifts of Mr. Balfour have been exercised in chains. When a chief is commanded to execute a policy in which he does not believe, it is time for him to go, and this is the fate which latter-day Toryism reserved for its most distinguished, though not its most successful, leader. If Mr. Balfour had had his way, there would have been no revival of Protection and no rejection of the Budget. From the consequences of those acts flowed the Tory disaster of 1906, and the two defeats of 1910. The Conservative leader was more successful in his last effort to save the House of Lords from itself. But his victory has cost him the leadership. Those who know the almost intolerable strain of modern political life will sympathise with Mr. Balfour's plea of diminishing physical powers. But we can all realise also that it is one thing to command a loyal crew and another to run a ship in which the captain's cabin is beset by clamorous mutineers, eager to "tip him the black spot." Mr. Balfour has now politely handed them the vessel, with its highly inflammatory cargo and its dismal array of petty officers. We do not say and we do not think that he could have led his party to an effective victory. His first task in such an hour would have been the framing of a Protectionist tariff, not for passage into law, but for submission to a constituency fated to reject it. His sceptical mind must long ago have divined the futility of such an enterprise. He has left it to hands so manifestly and even humorously incompetent that we may well doubt whether it will ever be attempted.

Any estimate of Mr. Balfour's character and career as a statesman must, therefore, be governed by the fact that in spite of his incomparable personal attraction and intellectual force he never ruled his party. The reins were snatched from him by Mr. Chamberlain, who has now left Toryism without one commoner of the rank and stamp of mind from which for generations British parties have chosen the man who, in effect, governs the Empire. The crown he lays down was never, therefore, worn; and yet, in a deeper and higher sense than that of party leadership, Mr. Balfour was, and will always be, accounted a great representative man. He belongs to the long and much-enduring race of sceptics who survey with interest the lives and thoughts of their fellows, but reject their enthusiasms, and doubt the force and ultimate utility of progressive and emancipating movements. Such a character is in its right place at the head of a Conservative Party. Mr. Balfour's trouble was that he was not so much asked to lead the true Conservative forces in the country as to countenance a violent reaction masked in a form of

democracy. To that task both his temperament and his gifts were unfitted. The ablest sceptic is repelled by extremes; what he really desires is to keep things as they are, tactfully shifting the ship's course a point or two to meet a passing current or slant of wind. In ordinary times and with ordinary colleagues, Mr. Balfour might, like his uncle, have succeeded on these lines of slight adaptation. But Mr. Chamberlain and the spirit of the age defeated him. He could not sympathise with the coarse, pushing sides of neo-Toryism, with its shrewd conception of Protection as a means to direct "business" advantages for well-organised groups of producers. Mr. Balfour would have liked to keep property strong, and to resist Radical and Socialistic encroachments on it or interferences with it, and on these lines he might have brought his party back on the wings of a powerful reaction. But he would not have thought it wise to tamper with real wages in a period of high prices; and it was always possible to discern the workings of this prudent thought struggling through the mists of his half-sincere dialectics on "Tariff Reform." Conservative also were the main lines of his constructive policy. To the Church he, like all the Cecils, leaned too heavily; but in Ireland he thought out and largely executed the rather cynical and expensive but plausible policy of fending-off Home Rule by doles, a re-settlement of the worst lands west of the Shannon, and peasant proprietary. But, on the whole, he lacked ideas and resource in the field of domestic politics. His command of detail was weak and slippery; and his passion for abstract argument, though he made the House of Commons almost as much in love with it as he was himself, was apt to carry him out of the broad current of life. But in a crisis, and on a large stage, he was, with all his languors of mental and physical attitude, a man of action, intrepid, ruthless, and able. He would have made an excellent Foreign Minister, more gifted and more subtle than any of his contemporaries. And in the House of Commons he stood alone in the delicate art of pursuing and illustrating a subject, so that an assembly which can be fed on very coarse intellectual fare was given the best and most varied food provided by any of our public entertainers. Morally, he did not aim very high, nor was he a specially chivalrous foe, save when his intellectual fancy was stimulated by some piquant gift or grace of mind in an opponent. Force of mind rather than warmth of heart was indeed his own characteristic, and it drew him to others.

This retirement is, we suppose, final, and it almost deprives the Tory Party of the power to conduct a Ministry from the House of Commons: if it is wise it will not try. It has only one man fit to replace Mr. Balfour in the public eye, and that is Lord Curzon. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is a mere Industrious Apprentice, who will be none the more popular for the part he has played in the "B.M.G." conspiracy. Mr. Walter Long is not even a Lord George Bentinck. His appointment would restore the country interest to its old place in the Tory councils, and he belongs to the dominant wing of Unionism. But both men are lieutenants, not captains. Lord Curzon is a cock of a different hackle.

Intellectually he dominates Toryism. He is its only orator; he has made a dazzling experiment in Empire-running; he is a figure of the breadth and color and force necessary to supply an effective Tory answer to the Ministerial policy and combination. In Lord Curzon's hands Toryism will at least be alive; in Mr. Austen Chamberlain's or Mr. Long's it will simply exist on the sufferance of its foes.

MANHOOD OR ADULT SUFFRAGE?

To Mr. Asquith's announcement last Tuesday of the Government's intention to introduce next Session a Reform Bill, securing manhood suffrage, we accord the heartiest of welcomes. His project for broadening the basis of the people's will is simple and sound, though incomplete—at least in the form in which it will be introduced. By the single method of securing the franchise for every adult male resident, in the constituency where he resides, and by recognising no other sort of qualification, this measure will carry into effect several much-desired and long-deferred reforms. It will abolish that practice of plural voting by which property has so often thwarted the popular will. It will sweep away the network of anomalies, doubts, and delays, which have made electioneering such a dubious and expensive art, and have impeded the legitimate exercise of the existing franchise. The surviving fancy constituencies—to wit, the Universities—will disappear. Finally, there will be a large extension of effective citizenship from the present figure of about seven millions (allowance being made for plural votes) to upwards of eleven millions, the newly-enfranchised citizens consisting almost entirely of the poorer working men, whose needs, experience of life, and aspirations have hitherto not been voiced directly in the council of the nation. To those timid souls who are expressing consternation at the thought of adding so heavily to the poorer, more ignorant, and, as they think, less responsible portion of the electorate, we can only express our conviction that it is far safer to have such persons endowed with full State membership than to leave them a voteless, voiceless prey to the chances and changes of a civilisation in whose guidance they have no part. A large unassimilated mass of inhabitants remains ever a danger to the body politic. In our judgment every step which, like the one proposed, makes Parliament a juster reflection of public opinion and feeling, gives increased stability to government, besides enabling progress to proceed safely at a faster pace. This, at any rate, is the faith in democracy to which the Government in its new proposals of reform makes a powerful appeal.

But each one of the arguments which make manhood suffrage safe and profitable is applicable in full force to woman's franchise. Indeed, the admission of these new millions of the excluded males, less intelligent and less interested in politics than those already endowed with the franchise, renders the total exclusion of women of all classes more indefensible in reason or in justice than ever. This, we feel certain, will be recognised with growing clarity of vision not only by doubting suffragists in the

Cabinet and in Parliament but by a consensus of all intelligent opinion in the country. Thus the manhood proposal, which at first sight appeared to ardent suffragists designed to destroy their prospects, should be found greatly to enhance their chances of success. It was, of course, inevitable that the form of the Prime Minister's announcement, coupled with the firm reiteration of his personal opposition to all forms of woman's suffrage, should arouse renewed suspicion and resentment among some supporters of the Conciliation Bill. To unreflecting partisans it would naturally appear as one more unscrupulous move in the old game of politics. But we are convinced that a mature consideration of Mr. Asquith's statement will show that it improves, not damages, the prospects of the early attainment of woman's suffrage. The Government's pledges of time for the passing of the Conciliation Bill still hold. But in our judgment it will be found that Mr Asquith's new promise that an amendment incorporating woman's suffrage in his Reform Bill, if carried, will be regarded as an integral part of the Bill, is a surer and a better method of procedure. It is known that several members of the Cabinet favor a broad amendment, including women in the scope of the Bill. Mr. Lloyd George is an avowed upholder of adult suffrage. If he were prepared now to announce his intention not merely to support, but to move an amendment converting manhood into adult suffrage, that open avowal would not merely serve to allay suspicion and possible hostility on the part of militant suffragists, but it would lift the whole cause of democratic reform on to a higher plane of public confidence. If such an announcement could be coupled with a clear understanding that in the event of the rejection by the House of this complete woman's franchise, the Government would afford facilities for the discussion of other amendments of a narrower scope, including the proposal of the Conciliation Bill, and would adopt and defend any such amendment as was carried, the promoters of the Conciliation Bill might well be urged to consider the advisability of dropping their private Bill in favor of this new policy.

The advantages of such a course are manifold. To those who are personally favorable to some measure of Woman's Suffrage but are divided as to scope, a series of graduated amendments, beginning with adult suffrage and fining down to the Conciliation proposal, would afford the largest liberty of choice. If the wider extension were defeated by the opposition of Tory and weak Liberal suffragists, the prospect of the narrower amendment would, we think, be actually enhanced. For Tory suffragists would still vote for it on the present grounds of principle or tactics, while Liberal opponents, unless fanatical anti-suffragists, would hesitate to emphasise their opposition by voting against each several amendment, and might support or abstain from opposing the most modest of the proposals. A final advantage of this method would be that, once incorporated in the Bill, the measure would be defended against obstruction alike in Commons and in Lords by all the force of the Government. We do not suggest that the supporters of the Conciliation Bill should drop their Bill unless they obtain

reliable pledges for these opportunities of amendment to the Government Bill. But if such pledges are obtained, we can see no advantage in continuing a Bill which must in any case be postponed to the Government Bill, and which would necessarily be defeated if that fate had already befallen a similar proposal moved as an amendment to the Reform Bill. In our opinion, if a series of woman's amendments were more definitely formulated, the superiority of the democratic adult suffrage would be easily demonstrated, and the idle fears which so ignobly qualify the faith in the people which some Liberals profess would fade away. But if those counsels of timidity and inconsistency still prevail this mitigated faith in democratic principle would obtain just reflection in the amended Bill.

OUR SECRET DIPLOMACY.

GOVERNMENTS which have reason to dread public opinion are often suspected of creating complications which overwhelm debate by the din of resonant events. Our Foreign Office may be acquitted of any skill in contributing to its own good fortune. It did not make the momentous revolution in China, which crosses the nearer anxieties of the Anglo-German situation. It did not provoke the Turco-Italian war, though it may have had a far from innocent fore-knowledge of it. The bewildering complications of the franchise question and the resignation of Mr. Balfour were not planned on the southern side of Downing Street. It has happened by a baffling series of coincidences that an issue or a series of foreign issues which are calculated to rouse and alarm the critical sense of the country find its attention distracted and bewildered.

In such situations, unless public opinion is organised as well as alert, a Foreign Office is apt to trade on the normal mystery of its operations, and to flout the popular opinion which in quieter times it cajoles or ignores. The attitude of Ministers, under Sir Edward Grey's inspiration, has amounted this week to an actual aggression. The Italian war, in its policy and inception, stirred a deep indignation. The rapidity with which it has developed into a campaign of extermination has given to this indignation a momentum of urgency and passion. The private members who raised this question spoke as representatives of the indignation and concern of a great volume of public feeling which goes far beyond the borders of one party; they were answered in the spirit of a bureaucratic machine, and in the interests of a tradition of autocracy and secrecy. This incident is a challenge to the whole right of the Commons to control the policy of a great department. Beyond this single incident, where the Foreign Office stands revealed in something more than its normal attitude of aloofness from national feeling, lies the even graver question of its relation to this Italian adventure. Parliament does not know, and it has not attempted to learn, what secret obligations, recent or distant, committed this country to its acquiescence in the raid on Tripoli. That such obligations existed has often been stated by those who have the means of partial penetration into such secrets. We recall a precise statement by

the late Sir Charles Dilke. That our Foreign Office was informed of Italy's general intention in regard to its claims over Tripoli, we believe to be a fact. The consultation, moreover, included France and excluded Germany. All this has passed without the knowledge of Parliament, and it is screened to-day even from the retrospective inquiry and criticism of Parliament. We touch in this single instance only one of the folds and meshes of the network of obligations and bargains which trammel our foreign policy, tie its hands when it ought to be free to follow national opinion, and make us an embarrassed item in a meaningless struggle for a balance of European power.

There is no isolated foreign question to-day. Sir Edward Grey has entered so deeply into a European system that no issue can be faced upon its merits. The rights and wrongs of this Italian aggression, the possibility of restricting its range or checking its methods of barbarism, the eventual fate of Turkey—these are matters which are decided neither by an appeal to any standard of international duty, nor by any consideration of special British interests, but solely by our relationship to this or the other Power in Europe. We are governed and dominated by an antagonism to Germany that amounts to a constant obsession, and by an association with France which amounts to an alliance. The ethical criticism is one which we shall not labor. The admirers of Sir Edward Grey's policy are to be found only in the ranks of those who frankly repudiate the influence of ethical considerations in foreign affairs. The neglect of British interests is sufficiently illustrated by two events of the week. The advance of a British force into Southern Persia, and the simultaneous strengthening and extension of the Russian occupation in the North have given us at length what is practically a co-terminous military frontier with Russia. The Russian Cossacks are penetrating to the extreme verge of the Russian zone at Ispahan. Our Indian squadrons are on their way to Shiraz. The barrier of the Himalayas has been crossed. The buffer-State of Afghanistan has been surrounded, and Persia has been, in effect, partitioned and destroyed. It wants only a few more months of the Shah's intrigues, a few more moves in the game of reducing our *protégé* to bankruptcy, the fall of the Regent, or the withdrawal of Mr. Shuster, to reveal the two Powers inevitably placed by their own manœuvres in full responsibility and in complete occupation of their respective zones. We shall have become the neighbor of Russia on land, holding the Persian Gulf and the land approach to India by our land forces. A more perilous transformation of our main strategical problem it is difficult to conceive. We have paid for our French *entente* by surrendering to France's Russian ally the crucial position on which depends the whole measure of our military strength. Meanwhile, in the Moroccan question our unqualified support of France has left to Germany the defence of our commercial interests. She it is who has battled for the open door, and sought by a long process of bargaining to preserve in a still undeveloped country a field for enterprises other than French. Our weight has been thrown unreservedly and dramatically into the French scale. The whole pressure of Colonial finance in Paris

has been used to secure monopoly and special privileges. The abortive agreement of 1909 failed because French finance was resolved to use its influence over French diplomacy to thwart the policy of economic co-operation. From financial egoism sprang the crisis which brought us to the verge of war this summer. The open door which Germany has sought to defend was opened also to our trade. In defending Hamburg, she was also fighting the battle of Liverpool. We, with ten times her commerce and ten times her material stake, have stood behind the French policy of monopoly and exclusive exploitation. The object-lessons of Tunis and Madagascar stood on record to warn us. In another article we have described in some detail the contrast between the liberty of opportunity and the equality of treatment which British trade enjoys in German West Africa with the close protection, the undisguised monopoly, which are the rule in French possessions. High policy and the balance of power have diverted our Foreign Office, not merely from an allegiance to Liberal principles which it no longer affects to profess, but even from the proper defence of British trading interests, which is its elementary duty.

The implications of the Anglo-German antagonism which has governed Sir Edward Grey's whole period of office unroll themselves gradually in their varying phases. Now it is the distasteful intimacy with the Russian autocracy; always it is the crushing burden of armaments; again, it is chiefly the destruction of any concert in Europe which can check an aggression or over-rule an anti-social ambition; at one moment it is sacrifice of commercial interests; always it is a secret and demoralising policy which withdraws the entire conduct of our affairs from Parliamentary criticism and control; at intervals it is the imminent risk of war in which we are involved for no interest of ours, for no principle we hold dear, but mechanically and inevitably at the heels of the ambitions and appetites of a quasi-ally. In such a policy Liberalism can acquiesce only at the expense of jeopardising its ideal of international co-operation and peace, of betraying the essentials of representative government, and of wrecking in financial embarrassments its cherished programme of social reconstruction. The evidences of a conscious and clear-sighted revolt are plain at length to read, and the way out of these endless perils and complications lies open before us. Liberals are weary of the vague demand for better relations with Germany. They are not to be had by aspiration. There is no means of restoring the solidarity of Europe save by exacting from the Foreign Office the end of the policy of specific European alliances, which in this Morocco affair have hardened into military and naval compact. It is one thing to desire cordial good-will with France, and co-operation in questions where our inclinations and interests agree; it is quite another to bind ourselves to her by what is in all its effects a military tie. Our bargain with her—a disastrous and mischievous bargain—is accomplished with the end of the Moroccan episode. We have delivered the goods, not our own, which we agreed to assist her in acquiring. The transaction is complete, and the obligations of honor are satisfied. With the conclusion of the exchange our part is ended. The slate, as the German Chancellor said on

Thursday, is clean. We have now to reckon with the exasperation and the sense of grievance which our policy has left behind—an exasperation which resents our part in the transaction far more bitterly than it resents the French success. A German Election is at hand, and on its event will depend the cessation or the prolongation of our naval rivalry. The key to an understanding is to find an occasion for common action. We repeat the conviction, which each week of this cruel and wanton war has confirmed, that we must seek this common ground in an act of mediation and intervention in which German diplomacy can be our partner. No other combination can influence both combatants, or guarantee to Turkey immunity from similar aggressions in the future. Could we but reach in such common action the sense of an identical interest, the confidence that comes of loyal co-operation in a single enterprise, we should have made the atmosphere in which this rivalry, which lacks only a cause of dispute, would be dissipated and forgotten.

NEW LESSONS IN MASSACRE.

THE nature of the excesses perpetrated on the Arab population of Tripoli and the suburban oasis on October 23rd and the following days has been placed beyond a doubt by the combined testimony of British and German war correspondents during the week. What happened is intelligible enough, but this is not one of those cases where to understand is to pardon anything. The Italian invasion took the Arabs by surprise. It found them helpless, and they gave in their submission; but they submitted with a natural resentment in their hearts, and they naturally—and, in the eyes of any one who cares a jot for national liberty, rightly—took the first opportunity of revolting. That opportunity came with the premature extension of the Italian lines, and on October 23rd the Italians in the oasis found themselves caught between the fires of the Turks in the front and the Arabs in the rear. Nothing but the very small number of the troops whom the Turks and Arabs had at command could have saved the Italian army. As it was, they suffered severely. Panic overtook them, and having saved themselves, they gave way to indiscriminate massacre. Had they court-martialled and shot only those taken with arms in their hands, or only those convicted of fighting against them after surrendering, their conduct could not have been condemned in the existing state of international law. That this was all that occurred is, in fact, the official Italian defence. But its complete untruth is proved by the united testimony of the correspondents—men accustomed to war, and not as a race given to "sentimentalism"—who have been so horrified by what they have seen that several have handed in their papers, and refused any further association with an army capable of such deeds. Neither age nor sex was spared. Mr. McCullagh declares that about 400 women and children were shot and 4,000 men, "whereof not a hundred were guilty." Details of cold-blooded cruelty are added. "Cripples and blind beggars have been deliberately shot; sick people whose houses were burned were left on the ground and refused even a drop of

water. . . There has not been the faintest pretence of justice."

These horrors have stirred the country with a rare unanimity of feeling. The general indignation can express itself faintly in newspapers, or here and there at a public meeting. The one place in which it can find no utterance is the House of Commons. When a private member seeks to raise the issue, he is blocked by the forms of the House. When he ventures to refer to the vilest of actions in plain but moderate English, a pained "hush" goes up from the Treasury Bench, and the Foreign Secretary of a party which still holds the name of Gladstone in honor snubs and silences a man who dares to utter the name of humanity in the desiccated atmosphere of European diplomacy. The Chancelleries of Europe have divorced themselves from all human feeling. Engaged in their interminable game of chess with one another, they have long forgotten that the pawns are made of flesh and blood. They have made of their mutual dealings a mystery which they know will bear no inquiry, and however close their hands may be to one another's throats, they make common cause against the people who can merely suffer for their blunders and misdeeds. Sir Edward Grey accepts the Italian defence as if it were authoritative. The denial of the accused party is treated as though it were the impartial judgment of a supreme tribunal. No wonder that his single pronouncement outweighs in Italian ears all the just protestation of popular feeling. It has given much satisfaction, we read, and that is what we might expect. This official whitewashing not only obliterates the past, it sets the Italians free to repeat their monstrosities, and so, in effect, we learn that the Government, whose panic-stricken troops in Tripoli are hemmed in by a mere handful of devoted Turks and Arabs, have solemnly annexed the entire province, and will claim the right accordingly to treat as rebels all natives who resist their utterly unwarranted aggression.

But what, it may be asked, could Sir Edward Grey have done? At the moment when he was first questioned on the subject, he might legitimately have said that further information was desirable before a final judgment could be formed. Since that information has come in, it became the first duty of anyone speaking for this country to give moderate and restrained, but decisive expression to the general regret that the Italian troops should have been led into excesses contrary to the laws of war and the simple dictates of human feeling. Beyond this it was not for the moment necessary to proceed. The next step would lie with the Turkish Government, who could and should bring this matter before The Hague tribunal. As Mr. Lucien Wolf shows on another page, the excesses committed by the Italians are condemned by The Hague Convention, and not only was the Italian Government a party to that Convention, but it was among those who supported the British Government in the endeavor to extend more effective protection to the rights of an invaded territory. The Hague tribunal will never be fully effective until representatives of its Court accompany every invading army, and are at hand to receive and report complaints. But even now an effective statement of complaint would not be

without its effect. Though The Hague has no power to enforce its decisions, there is, in despite of the Chancelleries, such a thing as public opinion in Europe, and no Power could endure to have its misdeeds exposed and judicially condemned without taking measures against the guilty officers.

It is said that all countries are tarred with the same brush, and in this there is, unfortunately, an element of truth. But the question is not one of satisfying our moral feelings by indignant reprobation of Italy. It is a question of the common safety of Europe. Every country, unfortunately, is exposed to the chances of war and invasion. It is the interest of every country that such civilised restrictions as have been, with slow and painful effort, imposed on belligerents should be jealously guarded and upheld. It is the interest of every people as against the Governments that the rights of populations in an occupied or invaded territory should be preserved and extended. The harshness which existing rules of war allow is maintained in the interests of Governments and is intended to facilitate invasion. The greater the acknowledged rights of the inhabitants, the greater the difficulties of successful invasion and the stronger the obstacles to aggressive warfare. If the action of the Italian Government passes uncriticised and unchecked, then every population in Europe, however peaceful, is exposed to the chance of an invasion, which, according to the precedent of this war, may take place at three or four days' notice, without previous quarrel, with no offence given, and may bring among it an army that, without effective or permanent occupation, may proceed at once to declare the whole territory its own, to treat as rebels all who resist, and to make any outbreak of resistance a sufficient excuse for indiscriminate massacre. This is not merely a reversion to barbarism, for barbarians are by no means uniformly so ruthless. It is a reversion to the methods of the Huns, carried out with the weapons of modern science.

JOHN BRIGHT, 1811-1911.

MODERN life moves with a quick step, and the centenary of John Bright's birth may mean little to the younger type of Englishman. Great orators need to be heard and seen, and few Britons under fifty ever heard or saw John Bright. He did not belong to our supple times. He was a man of stern and simple mould, and our age is not simple; of consistent opinions, and we abhor consistency; of a rigorous and critical temper, such as an age of compromise condemns. He was the greatest Liberal of his day, but he would see little in modern Liberalism with which to sympathise. And yet his name is not likely to die. Intellectually, his great companion, Cobden, far excelled him. But morally, Bright stood and stands alone, and on a singularly high eminence. For he was the last survival of the Puritan strain in England, the last contribution of Puritanism to our statesmanship. He could speak like Milton; and yielding the richest fruits of culture without an atom of University training, imparted a dignity and gravity to English oratory in a manner which was the more impressive because it revived, and indeed refined, the

greatest traditions of our language. But he belonged also to the race of prophets, and the gift of prophecy would seem to have died with him.

It is for this reason that Bright's speeches constitute on the whole the best oratorical criticism and survey of the main forces in Victorian politics. Apart from the then obscure movements of industrial democracy, which Bright regarded from the manufacturer's point of view, he saw what the British peoples wanted and what they had not got. As Mr. Birrell well says, he "hated the governing classes" and their appendage, the Established Church. He thought them selfish, stupid, and yet cunning enough to run the Empire in the interests of their elder and younger sons, and foresaw that the true struggle to come was their displacement by the middle men, and, if possible, by an educated nation.¹ With that view, he sketched out the twin policies of Parliamentary and voting reform, of which he was the father. He put his finger on Ireland, and insisted on two of the three cardinal points of Gladstonian policy long before their author had made up his mind upon them. But his broadest survey was of those questions of foreign and colonial policy from which he, a Quaker, a Little Englander, and a peace-at-any-price man, was ruled out by the acting statesmen of his own party and the conventional opinion of his day. In those fields he made three great forecasts of events, each of which has come true. He declared that Russia would tear up the Treaty of Paris at the first convenient opportunity. He foretold the triumph of the Northern States in the Civil War, and the political reunion and consolidation of the North American Continent. And he insisted in the capital case of Canada that the only possible tie between the Mother Country and the Colonies was that which exists to-day, and under which they would be perfectly free to remain in friendly union with the Motherland or to leave her.

But Bright's power did not lie in the planning of political devices. He gave the country ideas and a broad ground-work of statesmanship. He saw the nation as a whole, with a stern, contemptuous eye for its aristocratic masters, and a feeling that more brains and imagination must go to its management. The Empire was their Grand Foray; in it they sought their prey "like the jackals in the desert." And India was their richest pasture. On the question of Indian Government Bright went too far into the region of conjecture, for he thought that the problem might be solved by cutting up the country into distinct presidencies. But he said truly that our administration was too costly, insisted that it was unpopular and unsympathetic, and foresaw the time when there would come a clash between home democracy and the military despotism we practised in India. So he called for "open councils," and for a policy consciously and steadily aiming at self-government and decentralisation. But his real greatness was as a critic of men. No one in politics ever plucked the mask off falsehood with a more pitiless hand than Bright. Though he became a Cabinet Minister, he disliked the secret processes and equivocating speech of governments almost as strongly as Tolstoy, and if anyone would read a great modern

philippic, he should peruse Bright's charge against Palmerston of having falsified Sir Alexander Burnes's despatches. This moral fire in Bright's speeches is like a grain of radium, in that their heat cannot go out. Yet he was not violent; his study of the Bible gave calm and authority to his style. He liked to stand alone, and rightly judged that attitude to be of almost priceless value to the world. And he never paltered and qualified. Seeing one side of the question, he pressed the whole force of his manly character and uncompromising judgment on to the person and the issue he tried. Take, for example, the attack on the authors of the Crimean War—every sentence of it a moral judgment—with its scornful repudiation of the title of statesman, which, in all the essential glories and honors of the word, he deserved more than any of his contemporaries:—

"I am not, nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman; and that character is so tainted and so equivocal in our day, that I am not sure that a pure and honorable ambition would aspire to it. I have not enjoyed for thirty years, like these noble lords, the honor and emoluments of office. I have not set my sails to every passing breeze. I am a plain and simple citizen, sent here by one of the foremost constituencies of the Empire, representing feebly, perhaps, but honestly, I dare aver, the opinions of very many and the true interests of all those who have sent me here. Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war, and of this incapable and guilty administration. And even if I were alone, if mine were a solitary voice, raised amid the din of arms and the chorus of a venal Press, I should have the consolation I have to-night—and which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation that no word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasure, or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood."

It is the good fortune of the illustrious dead that they do not return to us to witness the havoc we make of their teaching and to discover that the altars we raise to them are heaped with the fruits they abhorred. What would Bright have made of the Europe of to-day, and of the foreign policy of his old party? He and his school were no friends of Palmerstonian methods. They fought all the wars of the Victorian period, big and little, and they were not keen for even the best forms of British intervention in Continental affairs. But they, at least, were witnesses of our statesmen's passion for national rights, which marked the reaction from the Holy Alliance. Bright criticised a free British policy, which could set the unification of Italy to its credit. He and his pupil, Gladstone, could hardly have understood a tied diplomacy. To his large, if not highly trained, sense of the meaning of history, and his incomparable moral force, the re-emergence of his old enemy, the "balance of power," and its adoption by the Liberal as well as the Conservative party, would have seemed an almost incredible betrayal. He had his own way of describing these prepossessions of our statesmen. To his rough and severely narrowed, but always penetrating, gaze they meant, in their purpose and origin, merely a gigantic "system of outdoor relief for the aristocracy of Great Britain." He would have denounced the newest form of our Continental entanglements; and he would have thought it the melancholy prelude to a colossal war. But his first

question would have been—What is twentieth century Liberalism doing in this galley? The plain Lancashire manufacturer would have divined no sense in our quarrel with our best European customer, and no British interest in Morocco save the maintenance of the open port. But the moralist and the Liberal statesman would have seen in this deliberate revival of alliances and arrangements and confrontations in which, as in 1815, the people have no voice and the Parliaments no part, the end for his country of the effective power of democracy. A younger school may be more hopeful, knowing that powerful tendencies of thought and indispensable needs of civilisation work for peace. But Bright would have felt that such a world was a prison to him, from which he could only escape to the stern solitudes of his Faith.

FRANCE, GERMANY, AND BRITISH TRADE.

THE NATION recently called attention to a passage in Mr. Morel's paper in the "Nineteenth Century and After" for this month, in which the treatment of British trade in the German Cameroons and in the French Congo was contrasted. The argument was used to illustrate the thesis that British national interests had nothing to lose but everything to gain by an extension of German territory in equatorial Africa. The subject is of importance in its bearing upon British foreign policy. The Western portion of the Dark Continent—from the Senegal to the Congo—differs radically from the Eastern in three respects. It is very much richer in tropical products required by home industries. Its population is much denser, more self-reliant and virile. Thirdly, the West African native, from the Woloff of Senegal to the Fanti of the Gold Coast, from the Yoruba and the Hausa of Nigeria to the Fan of the French Congo and the Bateke and Bangala of the Congo State, is a born trader. From the advent of the French and Portuguese merchant adventurers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to the present day, these energetic native peoples have traded with the outer world—trade penetrating further and further inland with the progressive advance of European enterprise and influence. First in gums, gold dust, spices, and ivory; then in their own kith and kin to meet the demand of the slave trade; then, again, when the slave trade was abolished, in palm oil and kernels, rubber, mahogany, and other forest products, and (a recent development) in agricultural produce cultivated by themselves—ground nuts, cocoa, cotton, and maize.

To preserve this free commercial intercourse, capable of enormous expansion, was, and continues to be, the positive British national interest in these vast regions, as rightly argued in the article alluded to. The present volume of British trade alone with West Africa amounts to something like £16,000,000 per annum, but the field is barely tapped, for it is only within the last few years that the interior markets have begun to be made accessible for the conveyance of products to the ports of shipment through the cessation of inter-tribal warfare and the creation of roads and railways. West Africa is one of the very few great natural tropical reserves in the world, in comparatively close proximity to our shores, and the commercial movement already developed gives employment to a large fleet of British steamers and to many thousands of British workmen. Prior to 1880 European political influence in Western Africa was limited to a few settlements on the Coast. In the early 'eighties the political scramble began. France, Portugal, and King Leopold started that acute rivalry for political predominance in the Congo Valley, of which the first chapter was closed at Berlin in 1885, leaving King Leopold master of the southern part of the watershed, while France remained mistress of a huge territory north of the river and its

affluent, the Ubanghi. During the whole course of these negotiations British diplomacy, compelled to shift from one position to another, nevertheless upheld with entire firmness the national interest of freedom for commerce. A conventional area was agreed upon within which freedom for commerce was to be absolute. (We shall see in a moment what was meant by freedom for commerce.) The whole of the Congo State was included in that area, and, with the exception of a small section in the South, the whole of the French Congo. On the other hand, only a portion, and a restricted one, of the German Cameroons was affected by the Act.

So much for the Congo Valley. In the early 'nineties the valleys of the Senegal and Niger were over-run by French political expeditions, and, in a few years, with the sole exception of Nigeria, saved by Sir George Goldie, this enormous interior region was annexed by France, the old British settlements of the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, and the Gambia being reduced to little better than *enclaves* in a sea of French territory. From the point of view of British trade interests in future generations, these French acquisitions were disastrous, for wherever France hoisted her flag she also introduced her differential tariffs against British goods. Lord Granville had made this national interest in the Congo Valley as secure as it could be made by a solemn international Treaty, and Lord Salisbury did what he could in the Anglo-French settlement of 1898, by insisting that in the bulk of the new French territories in the Niger Valley there should be no differential treatment against British goods for thirty years. At the close of 1898, therefore, West Africa, from the standpoint of commercial development, was divided into five zones—the conventional area in the Congo where freedom of commerce for all the world was imposed by the Act of Berlin; the British dependencies where freedom of commerce for all the world was maintained as being economically sound; the German dependencies where an identical situation prevailed; one portion of the French dependencies where equality of treatment for British goods was stipulated in an Anglo-French Convention; another portion of the French dependencies where differential tariffs against trade other than French existed and exist. Britain and Germany stood for the "open door." France differentiated where treaties allowed her to do so. That was the position.

The years which followed were to witness a cynical violation by France of her pledges at Berlin in respect to freedom for commerce in the conventional Congo area, *the one part of West Africa where that freedom had been imposed for all time, for all the world, by all the Powers.* In so acting, France, of course, merely imitated King Leopold, who had torn the Act of Berlin across with impunity in 1892, by his enactments appropriating the products of the soil. The action of France was the more inexcusable since, in addition to the joint responsibility she shared under Article V. not to grant a "monopoly or favor of any kind in matters of trade," her own delegate, Baron de Courcel, was the joint author of a commercial memorandum (with Baron Lambertmont for Belgium), attached to the Protocols of the Act, in which he defined "matters of trade" to mean "an unlimited right for everyone to buy and to sell." In 1899 the French Government issued a decree dividing the French Congo, *i.e.*, the entire French territory subject to the conventional area, between forty Concessionaire companies. The decree was ingeniously drafted with a view of getting round Article V. of the Berlin Act. The concessionaire companies were not in so many words granted a "monopoly" of trade but, on the plea that "the State" owned the land upon which the natural products of the soil grew, and consequently the products themselves, the French Government delegated its ownership over those products to the concessionnaires for a consideration. Thus the French Government claimed that it had not violated the Berlin Act, for the products of the soil being the property of "the State" represented by that Government, all that France had done was, in the exercise of her sovereignty, to hire out her property to third parties. In effect the decree was, needless to

remark, not merely the grant of a monopoly in trade. It was much more. It was a grant of the very elements which constituted trade. Not only were the natives no longer entitled to gather the products of their own country and dispose of them in trade, but they no longer possessed, in law, any proprietary rights whatever in their country's natural wealth—although that wealth was only realisable through their labors. The decree not only destroyed freedom for trade; it destroyed trade itself—the trade actually existing, and the trade of the future. Not only did the decree violate France's commercial engagements with all the Powers, it handed the country and its inhabitants bodily over to financial syndicates in Paris. The horrors which ensued it is not within the compass of this article to discuss.

But mark what has necessarily followed from the point of view of the British national interest. While Germany in the Cameroons—not, as already stated, save for a relatively small portion, within the conventional Congo area and where, therefore, Germany could act as she liked—continues to maintain the "open door"; France has not only thrown obstacles in the way of anyone passing through the door, but she has closed it, and in a territory where, by international treaty, she is debarred from even hindering the free exercise of trade relations between the indigenous races and the world. What has been the result? In German territory British trade, and the trade of all nations, proceeds in a normal manner. In French territory, British trade was barred for ten years, and every effort—the most determined effort, indeed—was made in the first five years which followed 1899 utterly to destroy it. To-day the concessionaire system has perished in the lower part of the French Congo through native resistance and its own vices, and British trade is slowly recovering; the whole of the French Upper Congo remains closed to the trade of the world. The largest British commercial house in the Cameroons is that of Messrs. John Holt & Co. They have been established there since 1881. This is their testimony of the way in which our German "foes" treat British trade:—

"We trade freely with the natives without restrictions, and the natives trade freely with us. We are on good terms with the German Administration, which appears glad to have us in the country. . . . We are protected and assisted in every possible way. . . . In regard to dealing with the Customs, we have practically no trouble whatever, and the captains of our ocean boats report that they have less difficulty in getting their papers passed by the German authorities than on any other part of the coast. British goods bear the same amount of duty as foreign goods, and there is no preferential treatment. In regard to the manner in which the German Cameroon is colonised we consider that the Germans should be highly complimented. They are building excellent roads and endeavoring all they possibly can to open up and develop the colony. . . . It is our candid opinion that British trade has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the extension of German territorial interests in tropical West Africa. Under the German flag we receive justice, equity, and freedom."

And yet the "Times" of July 20th last informed us that the alleged German "demand" for a portion of the French Congo, as compensation for giving France a free hand in Morocco, was so outrageous that, even if a French Government were weak enough to consent to it, no British Government ought to tolerate it for a moment! From 1900 to 1904 the Foreign Office was repeatedly pressed to remonstrate with France. It was urged to take advantage of the 1904 negotiations for the African settlement, to insist upon France adhering to the Act of Berlin. All it could be induced to do was to support a demand for compensation by the British firms established in the French Congo, which, of course, left the main question untouched. The other day Sir Edward Grey was asked by Sir George White to take the opportunity presented by the transfer of territory then being negotiated between France and Germany, to remind the Powers concerned of the obligations of the Berlin Act. He curtly declined to do so. It would have displeased France, naturally. Such is a concrete case of the manner in which our foreign policy is now conducted—to the positive detriment of a British national interest, not for this generation alone, but, in an increasing ratio, for future generations.

Life and Letters.

BOOKS FOR THE BURNING.

WHEN Balaam was invited to curse, he tried his very hardest to meet the wishes of his employer, and still, instead of cursing, he always did the opposite. Time after time he tried, using the customary enchantments and setting his face towards the wilderness, but, every time he took up his parable, blessing fell from his mouth instead of the curse expected. Lord Rosebery has reversed that soothsayer's part. As a conspicuous *dilettante* in literature, whenever a public library is opened, he is naturally invited to ask a blessing, but always he does the opposite. Time after time he tries his best, using the customary enchantments of his style, and setting his face towards the lonely furrow, but, every time he takes up his parable, curses fall from his mouth instead of the expected blessing. It is disconcerting both for himself and his well-intentioned Balaks. He really does his best. At the Bishopsgate Institute last Tuesday, he labored to call libraries one of the greatest benefactions of the age, and he just got the right words out. But he felt that in his heart a figure with a drawn sword was standing to bar the way of blessing, a dumb ass spake its warning, and he was driven to cursing after all. His talk of benefactions had no body. What will be remembered was his prophetic vision of the British Museum as a kind of necropolis in the middle of London; while about the country he saw scattered enormous mausoleums crammed with the bones of books, covering a deal of costly ground, and each requiring forty maids with forty brooms to keep them dusted.

Every library a necropolis of books! It is a gloomy adumbration, and Lord Rosebery doubts whether we should really cheer it up by adding to the necropolis a crematorium attachment or annexe. That was Mr. Gosse's suggestion, and Lord Rosebery's chief objection to it is that it wouldn't work. However hard you burn a book, he says, it is sure to turn up again somewhere; and besides, the actual physical difficulties of consuming a volume are very great. We are not sure. We believe there have been fairly successful conflagrations at Alexandria and Constantinople. No doubt, some intended victims contrived to escape, but large numbers perished everlastingly, relieving future libraries and schoolboys of intolerable burdens. And as to the trouble of consumption, the pyres that in a summer afternoon will reduce an ancient dreamer of Hindustan to a handful of white dust almost as impalpable as his dreams, could they not be trusted to consume the daily novel? Or how about our municipal "destructors" (truly municipal name!) that lard the neighboring streets like Herculaneum with the soft ashes of our rubbish? Do their fires fail when they come to books? Does literary rubbish alone stand unscathed in its binding, like those three who survived the fiery furnace of Babylon in their coats, their hosen, and their hats? Do we pay rates in vain?

It is no physical difficulty that stays the public burner's hand from executing the superannuated book, as Mr. Gosse desires. Once upon a time there was an island in which law and custom demanded the execution of the superannuated man. To kill off the aged was that island's cheap, though nasty, substitute for Old Age Pensions. Why go further and pay more? inquired those practical islanders when they beheld an aged figure obviously ailing and past his work. At the sight of the approaching sword the aged figure would struggle to assume a blithe and debonair appearance, a jaunty gait, the careless bearing of youthful vigor. He would look jolly, and contort his wrinkled features into wreathed smiles to demonstrate a cheery health and "joie de vivre." Alas! It profited him nothing. Off fell the aged head, laughing the other side of its mouth, as we say, and the "sardonic smile," or the way old people grin in Sardinia, became a proverb for a dubious kind of gaiety.

It was effective—the very model of social efficiency—quicker and less inquisitive than the ways of the

Charity Organisation Society. But the method seems a little cruel now. We prefer to pay the old fellow five shillings a week, even though it does mean an extra penny on the income-tax. And may we not have the same expensive qualms about senile and superannuated books? We approach an old book confidently with fire and scissors. We know it to be out of date and imbecile with dotage. The probabilities are, it was never very wise. It never set the Thames on fire, but it shall have its chance at last. The burning words of Mr. Gosse incite us to the deed. There the book stands upon the shelf which it has filled for decades unmoved, as though by freehold right. It has stood untouched in possession; the oldest memory telleth not to the contrary. But as we hale it forth with our fell intent, and look upon its time-worn clothing and dusty head, it begins to stir under our hands with life renewed; it puts on youthful graces formerly its own, and smiles that sardonic smile, striving to recover upon its melancholy lips the trustful innocence of babyhood. Now, it is an unbroken tradition that when a baby smiles up at him, the murderer never kills it, but puts it back in its cradle with a sigh, regretful of the reward. Even on an elderly book we cannot resist a smudge of that infant smile. It bids us remember the days when all the world was young; when some poor author first conceived the design; when after sore labor he brought it to the light, and took the first galley-slips to his arms—his child in swaddling clothes. Then followed the joy of christening, of dressing it up, of showing it to friends, and hearing it begin to speak. It spoke for a year or two, and now it has long been silent. Without question, its voice is thin and rusty; we hardly understand its quavering and toothless utterance. But as we gaze, we behold that infant smile struggling through the accretions of long neglect, and with a sigh we put it back into its tenement, regretful for the space and the halfpenny tax for libraries.

Take a definite instance. After walking all night, the present writer once arrived at a Berkshire village and took refuge, not in the casual ward, but in an inn. The only book in the house was a bound collection of letters, in one of which the author commended to the attention of Mr. John Wesley a recent work of his entitled "Meditations Among the Tombs." He was not quite sure whether it was really a superior work to his "Recreations in a Flower Garden" (we think that was the name), but he seemed to consider it more appropriate to his correspondent's temperament. To us it appears peculiarly appropriate to Lord Rosebery's temperament, as he moves from library to library among the tombs of departed authors. No doubt the book, though famous in its day, and still lingering as a name for scorn, remains unread and unopened from year to year. Who now derives a solace from its platitudes of mortality? Once we saw it referred to with profound reverence in an early edition of Blair's "Grave," with which the editor had flung in as makeweight an "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," by Mr. Gray—a poem described as being "far from altogether faultless, but confessedly interesting, natural, and pathetic, and strongly addressing the tender feelings of every humane and discerning reader." But let it be granted that no one reads the "Meditations" now, either for consolation or amusement. If Lord Rosebery or even Mr. Gosse came upon the last surviving copy, would he have the heart to burn it?

Let him consider the pains that went to the making of those dreary "Meditations." Let him remember the chills of evening, the feet damp and cold from walking the churchyard grass, the pangs of hunger that melancholy emotions usually produce, the anguish of composition, the torture of hesitating whether to employ one word or another, the sufferings of Mrs. Hervey and the children when inability to write made the meditator more irritable than usual, or when his anxiety to polish up some lamentation kept dinner waiting. Who could convert to a burnt sacrifice the issue of such throes? Did these books cost no more the breeding but to play at holocausts with them? Or let our literary incendiary, before he strikes his match, consider how queer an interest attaches not to the better specimens of an art

but to the worse. In passing through a picture gallery one may feel no astonishment or curiosity about the glories of the greatest masters. They are admired now much as they were four hundred years ago, and as they will be as long as they hold together. Their fame is safe and uninteresting. No one wonders, and no one cares. But that there was really once a time when people took the highest delight in pictures of dead turkeys, swans, deer, hares, and peacocks, heaped upon a table and interspersed with oranges, grapes, and chrysanthemums—that is really an interesting and remarkable fact. It opens forgotten vistas in human nature. It guides to paths long untrodden. It is as astonishing as the more recent delight in pictures of dying stags surrounded by dying dogs, or of children teaching terriers to pray. In the same way, is it not remarkable and interesting that there was a time when some people thought it worth while to publish their meditations among the tombs, and others thought it worth while to read them? Or when an editor considered it the natural thing to fatten out Blair's "Grave" by throwing in Gray's "Elegy," while describing it as far from altogether faultless, and regretting further on that "so little appears throughout it to inculcate and enforce those solemn, important, and interesting reflections, a walk among the tombs is peculiarly calculated to suggest, respecting death and a future state."

We would not construct any general principle. There may always be exceptions. But it seems to us often true that, in point of history and human interest, bad art is actually more instructive, and even more attractive, than good. Let us not despise the superannuated books long fallen from favor, for we never know what hidden amazement they may reveal if an inn parlor brings us to them unawares. Those volumes of sermons, tons upon tons of which were published in England through one century after another, is it not an inexhaustible wonder that they were ever written? And is there not enough humanity in that miracle to preserve one copy apiece from the final bonfire, or from their present destiny, when they are shot out upon the Dogger Bank as suitable reading for trawlers, and from time to time are dragged up to daylight in the nets, mingled with meerlog and stones?

THE OUTDOOR LIFE.

THE Countess Martenengo Cesaresco, in her charming volume on "Outdoor Life in Greek and Roman Poets" (published by Messrs. Macmillan), refers to "the ancient custom of carrying a wooden swallow from house to house, and asking for largess in honor of the return of the Spring." Of this custom, which is as old as Homer, the Countess says, "I do not know that there is an older piece of folk-lore on record which is still in current use." On reading this, we remembered that we possessed an old book of travels which contained this swallow-song of Athenæus, still sung by Greek children from door to door. Here is a rendering which, as far as mere words go, gives the sense of this old song or something like it. (Our travel book, by the way, says that the children brought a living swallow):—

"Come out, good folk,
The swallow is here;
He brings good days
And the glad New Year.
Here at your door
He twitters and sings,
With the white breast
And the black wings.
Bring from the house
Raisins from your vine,
Honey-cake and almonds,
And a cup of wine.
Bring your best white bread,
With curds and cheese,
The swallow will feast
On a handful of peas.
If you content us,
We'll bid you good-day;
If you deny us,
Here we will stay.
We'll break down the doors
With noise and with din,

And snatch the old woman
Who sits within.
If you will not give us
Your wine and your cake,
The little old woman
Is easy to take.
Open the door to the swallow,
To summer and all its joys;
Open the door to the swallow,
We are not old men, but boys."

"Οὐ γὰρ γέροντες εἰμὲν, ἀλλὰ παῖδιά," the song says, and when the song was made the world had not grown wise or old.

It belongs to that far-off time when the people not only felt intently, but were able to express their joy in the world. There is no literature so great but that it has its roots in that time and joy. For instance, the Countess Cesaresco in this book reminds us of the origin of the word "tragedy." (Is there any romance in the world, by the way, so enthralling as Skeat?) It is the "song of the goat singers," the mummers dressed in goat-skins, or, perhaps, contending one against another for the prize of a goat who, at certain sacred seasons of the year, sang their stories and ballads of heroes and gods from house to house. To the peasant of the Ancient World, the earth was human and living and peopled with spiritual presences and powers. The "Metamorphoses" of Ovid are a collection of peasant traditions. The Countess Cesaresco writes most sympathetically of the dismay caused in the simple minds of the last *pagani* by the preaching of the Christian monks. We ourselves would gladly spare a copper or two to light a candle at a shrine of St. Paulinus if we came across one in our wanderings anywhere—the wise old South Italian priest who strove to reconcile the old with the new. He was the first to set up pictures in churches. He tells a charming story of a countryman whose oxen were stolen, and who violently upbraided St. Felix of Nola for his negligence in guarding them. (In South Italy in the fourth century St. Felix was what the Madonna is to-day.) Paulinus says, "St. Felix forgave the want of politeness for the abundance of faith, and he laughed with Our Lord over the injurious expressions addressed to him." He also took care to see that the oxen returned to their owner's stalls.

The outdoor life as we know it in Northern lands is no idyll of Theocritus. Putting aside for the moment the English farm laborer, of whom we have often written in these columns, let us attend in spirit, say, a cattle-market somewhere in La Beauce, thronged with French peasant-proprietors. An extraordinary atmosphere of pure naturalism, not to say animalism, seems to pervade the scene. We appear to be not far from Zola's "La Terre." Yet, again, one sees how normal and natural to men is this life of the open air that they lead. Their interest in their gains is keen enough, no doubt, but with no religious or poetic clothing, and no power or wish to express it, one feels that they have still all the old-world joy in the earth and her life, in Nature and her processes, in living in the open and seeing things grow. Go a journey with a party of peasant-proprietors in one of their slow trains anywhere about Berri or La Beauce, and see them playing with a pack of dirty cards, at intervals talking about their cattle and their crops, and taking great pinches of snuff, which first they place on the back of the right hand at the root of the first finger, and then raise to the nose and slowly inhale, and you will see how wholesome and contented is the life they lead.

The truth, no doubt, is that life in the open air is man's original state, the country his true home. Pent up in towns, in shops and offices, he is a prisoner and an exile. Every man feels more or less the longing for his native Garden. Dante tells us:—

"Lo sommo Ben, che solo a sè piace
Fece l'uom buono, e a bene, e questo loco
Diede per arra a lui d'eterna pace.
Pe: sua diffalta qui dimora poco,
Per sua diffalta in pianto e in affanno
Cambiò onesto riso e dolce gioco."

—(Purg. xxviii., 91-96.)

In the Ancient World, in the far South, amid the labors of the vineyard and the field, sung of by the old poets,

something of this *onesto riso e dolce gioco* was still to be found. In spite of the thorns and the thistles and the sweating brow, amid the harsher labors and the sterner climates of Northern lands, we believe that even in our own day it is not wholly gone. The lot of the modern English peasant, for instance, to one's first observation may seem a very pitiable one. Yet it, no doubt, has its compensations. We remember an old gentleman who used to say, "We don't want high art—what we want is fine art. To be able to clip a hedge properly is fine art." This old gentleman had many plans and hobbies—a great favorite among them being a proposal to provide work for the people by levelling the Sussex Downs—but there was a great deal of wisdom in much that he said. The farm laborer is, indeed, in a sense, an artist—he has his own technical knowledge and skill. His pleasure and interest in his work is shown by his continual talking about it. He liberally returns the contempt of the townsman, who calls him ignorant, as, far from the garish shows and vulgarities of towns, he watches year by year those sights and sounds of Nature, those changes of the seasons, those ways of birds and beasts that have been seen age after age by the great poets and by all the generations of men.

There is no more delightful character than the amateur farmer, the amateur gardener, who farms and gardens for pure love of it, and counts the world well lost for his garden and his farm. One of the most attractive and lovable people it has ever been our lot to meet was a poor squire who had come home from administering a great district in India to spend all his remaining days on the paternal acres which he loved. He never left them—he literally never spent a night away from home. Once a week he journeyed into a neighboring town for a few hours, bringing home provisions in a sack. On all other days he worked all day in his own garden and his own fields. There was something venerable and patriarchal in his appearance, reminding one a little of Count Tolstoy. "Hi, you fellow!" a smart stranger one day hailed him; "whose place is this?" "Colonel Mitford's." "Who's Colonel Mitford?" "I'm Colonel Mitford." His wife, too, cared for no company, and might be seen any summer morning, gathering green peas, in a coarse, brown holland apron. "They're good peas, aint they?" she would say. But one could not help loving the Squire. "I so love this place," was his refrain, "every tree of it altogether, altogether." One particular oak tree, on, it must be confessed, very insufficient grounds, he always called "King Charles's Oak." The word "altogether," which occurred continually in his conversation, he appeared to regard as an all-comprehending, all-reconciling formula, an ever-repeated wiping out of all that was unpleasant in the past, a justification for the extremest optimism, always disappointed, and yet perpetually renewed as to the future. Good Radical as the present writer is, he would yet like to write a chapter on the faith and hope and charity of country squires. Colonel Mitford's only glimpse of the far-off great world he had left was caught in the columns of the "Times," which was spread out before him each morning on a kind of lectern on the breakfast-table. "Punitive expedition altogether," he would murmur. His favorite exclamation naturally figured largely in the political speeches which he occasionally made to the villagers. "Tax the foreigner altogether," he would say. "No discontent in Ireland altogether. Irish laborers best of friends—make money in England altogether; harvest done, go back to their own country, altogether, altogether, altogether." The whole world was composed of good Tories, ranged contentedly each in his hierarchical rank, and all the best of good friends. The few exceptions it was impossible to include in this happy scheme were never dwelt upon, but glided silently from thought and view. But such themes never long detained him from his celery trenches and his American blackberry vines. His study was full of young chickens, and eggs in process of being hatched. He delighted to show strangers round his market garden. One such, in our hearing, asked, somewhat brusquely, if it paid. He waved a deprecating hand. "Don't think of that altogether; work for the people altogether; chil-

dren picking strawberries, women gathering peas. Own carts go round—cater for the sergeants' wives. Like a change altogether; give 'em a change, one day radishes altogether, another day lettuce, next day tomatoes altogether. Altogether, altogether." He looked on natural things with a real feeling for them. He revelled in the courting of the pairs of wrens and tom-tits about his place. He would become quite eloquent on the beauty of the bare branches of the winter trees. He bore no grudges. A new station-master would refuse him some long-established privilege. "Another king who knew not Joseph altogether," he would say. He lived among his own people and for them. We have known few people so kindly or so pleasant to talk to. Such lovers of the country and the open air are the salt of the earth.

THE DAY OF THE HORSE.

WHEN recently five or six thousand taxi-cabs were suddenly removed from the service of London our streets seemed first of all very empty, like a slate that has been cleaned for a fresh sum, then blossomed out into a new scheme that seemed almost prehistoric by comparison with what had been. The horse that had been so nearly obliterated, at any rate in cab-land, re-emerged almost as startlingly as though it had been a plesiosaurus. Instead of a compact vehicle, silently rolling as it were by its own volition, we were offered a sort of procession, an animal clattering and staggering, attached by straps to the thing drawn; perhaps the noblest of all animals, a very ancient friend of man, but one almost forgotten as a catcher of trains or a carrier between the portals of club-land. A little more and we might have had to mobilise the patient ox, whose hooves have been unknown here in a tractional sense for perhaps two generations.

It is quite easy to remember the first motor-car in London, apart from the traction engine and other Puffing Billies of the road. The writer saw his running down Rosebery Avenue, everyone standing to look with a wonder that is not accorded in our day even to the flying-machine. It seemed just as though a brougham without its shafts had escaped from its mews on the top of a hill and was running away, and the appearance was carried out by the machine stopping when it reached the foot of the hill and showing a marked disinclination to go any further. Months passed before the first omnibus dared to cut its horses adrift and run by its own steam or petrol. No horse and no cabby or horse-'busman took it seriously. The leviathans increased in numbers, but the more there were the more impossible they seemed. It was a common thing in a run from Charing Cross to Liverpool Street to see three or four disabled motor-'buses drawn up at the side of the street, deserted by their passengers, who then became glad enough to continue their journey behind the unfailing horse. Ah! the chaff that the poor motormen had to endure from the jarvies in their high seats, and ah! the grins of those who sat beside them. It seems a pity that we are unable to remember one of those witty sayings that is worthy of repetition to-day.

And now the last horse-'bus has gone from the main routes and from the entire service of the premier company. A few still crawl about the byways and suburban lanes as feeders to the swift trunk lines, and somewhere or other no doubt the discarded horse-'buses will continue to ply till they are worn out. Very few new ones will be built, and this vehicle, once so well-known and well-loved, will shortly have a scarcity and even a museum value. What of the horses that drew them? They have been absorbed by other industries, for the most part rural. Large sales, of which the ordinary public knows nothing, have given the opportunity to country carriers, small-holders, and others, of getting sound and capable Austrian and Canadian horses that, but for the 'bus companies, would never have been imported. When they are used up, their places will be replaced by English stock, or, in a slowly increasing number of cases, by stationary and motor engines.

If the plain mathematical economist had the first and the last word it is probable that, even at our present stage of mechanical progress, scarcely an industrial horse in the country would have a leg to stand upon. We have seen, and could no doubt see to-day, a threshing machine worked by a horse treading an endless chain after the manner of the Carisbrook donkey that draws water by walking inside a drum. Yet no one doubts that the steam threshing machine is economically supreme. So the chaff-cutting and other machines worked by horses walking round in a circle are disappearing by hundreds and thousands in favor of gas engines, especially of portable engines that can be moved about the farm and set to do the old work of horses in many different directions. For ploughing and harrowing and carting about the rough fields, the horse still holds its own, almost unchallenged. So in some English districts does the plough-team of oxen refuse to be displaced by the horse, and those who plough by oxen declare that the horse would be no satisfactory innovation. Yet already the motor plough is doing its work well in our fields, and even where the horses are not sold in order to buy it, the money of a farmer just beginning is being put into steel instead of horse-flesh.

All praise and encouragement to the sentiment that, where the balance is not very uneven, weighs down the scale in favor of the horse. We like the man with a straw in his mouth who is knowledgeable about horses better than the man with a cigarette in his mouth who can tinker a motor. There is no joy of the motorist akin to that of the man who takes the first look over a gate at the foal unsteady on its legs that shall come to his full stature, and give us twenty years of faithful and intelligent service as his mother did before him. There is no anxiety of the motorist akin to that of a man who doctors his horse through an illness, no certainty like that with which we call upon old Faithful to take his journey to town and back, no gratitude like that with which we pat his unaltered neck as we dismiss him to his meadow. He presents us with no weekly bill for smelly petrol or unpleasant surprises in the shape of burst tyres, and there is no unmannerly word between us on the score of grass or oats consumed.

That is the stronghold of the horse, next to the multiplicity of uses to which he can be put, the fact that his keep cannot easily be reckoned in terms of money. His cost of production is an equally vague item. The foal which seems to have cost us only seven-and-six, automatically grows into a horse whose value may be fifty pounds. He gets his living from the farm, and we no more value it than we value the cabbage we cut for our own dinner. That is especially true of that great majority of farmers whose land is rather under-stocked than over, so that there is always room for an extra mouth to eat up what would apparently have been waste. A lady's dress costs nothing when it is made mainly of material that she had by her, a horse's keep seems to cost nothing when he lives on the land, for which in any case we should be paying rent.

This happy-go-lucky way of looking at the matter is, however, slowly becoming a thing of the past. The science of book-keeping is extending to materials as well as cash, and the churl that casts up accounts against the horse on these terms finds that much petrol could be bought for the cost of his keep per week. The horse mumbles over a good deal more than the cow eats, tears up the pasture, spreads the seeds of weeds, and has to be prevented at cost from doing a good deal of damage to fences and trees. The grass on which he grew would have produced several tons of beef at £50 a ton, and his weekly nibblings would produce much milk to be exchanged for the petrol and rubber on which his rival lives.

It is only the all-round horse that has no single rival. It would need several engines to do the varied work that he does. We have heard of ingenious men using the machinery of a motor-car or motor-cycle to drive stationary plant, but that is work not deemed good for the health of the engine. At any rate, we cannot put our Panhard to the plough between its journeys to town with the milk, and then give it a turn at carrying

hay or chopping up swedes. It is only the exceptional general utility horse that is called upon to do these various things. On a farm of any size there are horses of the plough, horses of the road, and horses for chaff-cutting and fixed machinery in general. It is here that the mechanical operative gains a footing, first in one department and then in another, till the horse seems likely to cry in despair, "Othello's occupation's gone."

Short Studies.

"I DID NOT MEAN TO DO IT."

By TOLSTOY.

HE returned home at about six o'clock that morning and went, as he always did, into his dressing-room. But instead of undressing he dropped into an armchair, and letting his hands fall on to his knees, sat motionless for five or ten minutes, perhaps even for as much as an hour—he did not remember.

"I take the seven of hearts"—and he saw the awful relentless face before him with the faint gleam of satisfaction in the cold eyes.

"Damn!" said he aloud.

Somebody moved in the adjoining room, and his wife entered. She wore a muslin cap, a nightdress smothered in lace, and on her feet little green velvet slippers. She was a plump, pretty, fair-haired little woman, with soft and gentle blue eyes.

"What is the matter?" she asked simply. And glancing at his face, she cried again, "What is the matter, Mischa—what has happened?"

"What is the matter? I'm done for——!"

"You have been playing cards?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Well!" repeated he with a sort of fierce elation. "I'm done for—that's all." And he choked, keeping back the tears.

"How often have I begged, implored you . . ." She felt sorry for him, but she was even more sorry for herself, because they would now be poor, and because she had lain awake the whole night worrying and waiting for him. "It is past five," thought she, looking at the watch lying on a small table. "Oh, my God! How much is it?"

He threw up his hands past his ears. "All we have—no, not all—*more* than all! All ours—and all that Government money, too. Kill me—do what you will with me—this is the end!" He covered his face with his hands. "That's all."

"Mischa, Mischa, listen to me. Have pity on me! You might think of me too. I've been awake the whole night, waiting and frightened—and this is what I waited for! Tell me at least how much you have lost?"

"So much that I can't—no one can—pay it back. The entire sixteen thousand! I am ruined. I might disappear—but where am I to go?" He looked up at her, and quite unexpectedly for him she drew him towards her.

"How beautiful she is!" thought he, and took her by the arm. She freed herself.

"For heaven's sake, be sensible, Mischa! How could you lose all that money?"

"I hoped to win it back." He took out his cigarette case and began to smoke feverishly. "Yes, of course I am a scoundrel. I'm not worthy of you; leave me if you will—only forgive me this last time. I'll go—I'll disappear, Katia; I couldn't help this. It was like being in a dream—I did not mean to do it!" She frowned.

"What can I do? It's all up with me now—that is certain—but you might at least forgive me." He wanted to kiss her again, but she drew away angrily.

"Oh—these miserable men! You are all so brave while all goes well—and the moment things go wrong you begin to despair, and can't do anything." She sat

down on the other side of the dressing-table. "Tell me everything from the beginning."

And he told her. He told how he was on his way to the bank with the money, when he met Nekrasoff. Nekrasoff invited him to his house to play. There they had played, and he had lost. Now he meant to kill himself. So he said at least; but she saw that he had decided nothing, and that he was in despair and ready to catch at any straw. She listened till he had finished, and then said, "All this is absurd and disgusting. It is impossible to lose so much money accidentally. It is too idiotic."

"Reproach me if you like—do what you will with me."

"I am not going to reproach you or to make a scene. Can't you understand that I want to save you—as I have always done, no matter how pitiful or despicable you have seemed to me?"

"Go on—oh, go on! It isn't for long now."

"Listen—this is what I think you had better do—oh how mean, how cruel to torture me so! I'm ill, and you know it. I have been dosing myself with . . . and now this surprise—and your silly helplessness! You want to know what to do—well, it is very simple. Go now immediately—it's six o'clock already—to Freem and tell him."

"Just as though Freem is likely to spare me! It is impossible to tell him."

"How stupid you are! Am I likely to advise you to tell the director of the bank that you have lost the money entrusted to you at cards! Tell him you were driving to the Nicolaevsky station . . . No, better; go at once to the police . . . no, not now, go about ten o'clock. Say you were walking along the Nechaevsky Lane, when three men sprang out, one with a beard, another quite young with a revolver—and they got away with the money. Then go on at once to Freem, and tell the same story!"

"Yes, but—" he lighted another cigarette. "They might find out from Nekrasoff. Oh—I'll go to Nekrasoff and tell him *first*—I'll manage all right."

Mischa grew calm, and by eight o'clock was sleeping like a log. At ten she woke him.

II.

All this happened early one morning in an upper flat. In a lower flat of the same block of buildings, in the family of the Ostrovskis the following happened in the evening at six o'clock. Dinner was just over, and young Princess Ostrovski beckoned to the butler who had just served everyone with the sweet—an orange jelly. She took a clean plate, and turned to her children. They were two, the elder, a six-year-old boy—Boka, and the younger, a girl of four and a half—Taniachka—both charming children. Boka, a serious, healthy, solemn little man, with a delightful smile which showed his uneven teeth, and Tania, a dark, lively, and energetic child; talkative, amusing, and merry, always good-tempered and kind.

"Now, children, who wants to take nurse some jelly?"

"To nurse?" asked Boka—"I do."

"No, me! me!" shouted Taniachka, and jumped off her chair.

"Who spoke first—you, Boka?" said their father, who invariably spoilt Tania, and therefore always welcomed an opportunity to prove how fair he could be. "Come, Tania, you must give in to your brother," he said to his favorite.

"All right, Boka, go—I'm glad to let him. Come on, Boka, you take it. I never mind giving Boka anything."

Usually the children thanked their parents for the meal before rising, and now everyone remained at table drinking coffee and waiting for Boka to return; but some time passed, and he did not appear.

"Tania—run to the nursery and see why Boka is so slow."

Tania jumped off her chair, knocked a spoon off the table, picked it up, and pushed it on to the edge

of the table. The spoon fell down again. Tania began to laugh, and picking it up once more, flew off on her fat stockinged little legs down the corridor to the nursery, beyond which was their nurse's room. She was running through the night nursery when she heard a sob behind her. She looked round. Boka was standing by his cot, looking at a toy horse. In his hand he held a plate, and he was crying bitterly. The plate was empty.

"Boka! What's the matter, Boka? And where is the jelly?"

"I—I ate it accidentally on the way. I won't go—I won't go back there! I—Tania—yes, I did—no—I didn't mean to, really I didn't—only I ate it all up! First just a little bit, and then all of it. What shall I do? I didn't mean to!"

Tania looked thoughtful. And Boka was sobbing his heart out.

Suddenly Tania brightened. "Look here, Boka—don't cry—you go and tell nurse. Tell her you did it accidentally, and ask her to forgive you. And tomorrow let's give her our pudding—she's so kind."

Boka stopped crying. He rubbed his eyes first with the palms and then with the backs of his hands. "How shall I tell her?" he whispered in a trembling voice.

"Let's go together."

They ran off together, and returned presently, quite happy and merry.

And their nurse and their parents were also happy and very amused when nurse, laughing, and yet with tender pride, told them the whole story.

Mescherskoe, June 20th, 1910.

The following letter, written by Tolstoy's friend and disciple, V. G. Tchertkoff, accompanies this story in the Russian press:—

"For those to whom Tolstoy and his work are precious, this story, 'I Did not Mean to Do It,' will, apart from the story itself, be of special interest, since it is Tolstoy's last literary production.

"In the middle of June last year, a few months before his death, Tolstoy came to stay with me at Meschersk. He came from Yasnaya Poliana, weary in body and soul. In Meschersk, surrounded by warmly-devoted friends who did all in their power to guard his freedom and his peace, and, above all, who treated with respect that which for Tolstoy was the holy of holies, he began to get well with wonderful speed. In a few days he was completely changed. He grew energetic, gay and enterprising, and seemed many years younger. As always, he spent his mornings alone in his study writing, or going through his correspondence. During the first few days he terminated an article (begun some time before this), and wrote another article. And then, suddenly, the inspiration came, and, quite unexpectedly for us, he wrote this little sketch.

"V. TCHERTKOFF."

(Translated by Sasha Kropotkin.)

Art.

THE AUTUMN SALON.

THE Autumn Salon now takes the leading position in the organised annual exhibitions of the world. In it we expect to find concentrated, summarised, and selected, the efforts that are scattered throughout the incoherent and yet extremely interesting confusion of the Salon des Indépendants. It must be admitted that this year's show is not a strong one. There are very few works of great importance. Maillol is still engaged on his monument to Cézanne and does not exhibit; Maurice Denis sends nothing; and Matisse's contribution is confined to two sketches. On the other hand, if we must judge the whole effect to be rather feeble as regards actual achievement, the exhibition is full of interest as an expression of tendencies and aspirations. The room devoted to the "cubists" has aroused a good deal of vehement discussion, though it is hard to see why it should produce such a sensation, since experiments in cubism have appeared for some years past. It suffers from being an exhibition of cubism without the most successful cubists. The notion is, of course, a very ancient one, and almost all early sculpture shows traces of the idea of a geo-

metrical simplification and classification of natural form. But undoubtedly the Parisian cubists use this reduction of complex surfaces to their elementary geometric statement in a new way. They do not regard it as a stepping-stone to a completer rendering of actual form, but as a means of expression in itself. Some of them appear to be frankly trying to raise a mild sensation, and these commit themselves by mixing a quite photographic realism of certain parts with a chaotic jumble of cubes and pyramids elsewhere. Such transparent devices for imposing on the public are not likely to do much harm or any particular good. On the other hand, there are a few artists here, such as Lhote and Fresnaye, who use a general geometric formula with considerable success. Lhote's view of a seaport is, indeed, very like a child's drawing with its odd composition and elementary shapes, but it has at least the merit of a child's drawing; it gives one a sense of the wonderful and unexpected quality of a harbor with its incongruous collection of many disparate things, big boats, little boats, steamers, cranes, wharves, all brought together for some inscrutable purpose by the busy little ant-like men who scramble over and around their machines, and yet for all the discontinuity which is part of the naïve attitude, it is held together in design just by that insistence throughout on a single geometric measure of all the forms. Fresnaye is not so naïve, his composition is in the recognised tradition which goes back to Claude, but he gains a certain impressiveness, a certain distinction and force of statement by the rectilinear outlines of each carefully valued unit in the design.

It is a pity that neither Picasso, Herbin, nor Derain is represented in the Autumn Salon. For these artists have carried the geometric statement of form to much higher perfection and have succeeded thereby in creating a strangely expressive language of almost musical abstraction. They have also increased to a degree hitherto undreamed of in modern art the concentration of the pictorial unity and the enlargement of individual units in the design. Meanwhile, in the absence of these artists the cubists' salon is made to accommodate artists like Henri Doucet, who have scarcely anything in common with cubism, but who, none the less, are treated in the French Press—so great is the confusion in the public mind—as exponents of ideas which they have never accepted.

The next room contains, for the most part, the efforts of a group of English artists working in Paris along modern lines. The very unpretentious, but sincere, work of George Barne stands out here among the turgid and over-strained works of his compatriots.

Of the Russian artists there is not nearly such a good representation as at the Indépendants. It is quite possible that even the most advanced and tolerant of French juries can scarcely allow the uncompromising methods the younger Russians employ for symbolising their feverish emotional experiences. One, however, Adolphe Feder, sends a most impressive and beautiful landscape, entitled "La Légende." On the precipitous edge of a deep-set lake is a deserted cemetery; uncouth and straggling pine-trees, painted in pure black, are seen barely silhouetted against the inky-blue reflection of the opposite mountain wall. The whole thing is fantastic and extravagant if you will, but it brings a compelling silence and that unearthly imaginative thrill that we are accustomed to get from Russian literature, but which has only just begun to find an expression in pictorial design.

The only French painter who has a touch of this legendary glamor is Othon Friesz, whose "Navire dans la Calanque" is entirely delightful. I must own to complete ignorance of the physical or, perhaps, literary geography of la Calanque, but the picture has the dream-like quality of the verse of "The Ancient Mariner"; it has, too, that momentary anticipation which belongs to good narrative. The ship, with full-set sails, has just begun to thread its way up a narrow inlet from the sea, among strangely-shaped pink and green rocks and vague, unreal vegetation, awaited by the nude inhabitants, who cluster in groups about the points of vantage. The sense of adventure, of vast spaces traversed, of the

tension of the moment of arrival, of anticipation—all that we ask for in legendary tales is here. It is not greatly ambitious art, it is not classic, but it is delightful.

Bonnard's large decoration is a disappointment after his great success of last year. That it is done by a master-hand goes without saying; that it creates the illusion of great spaces of warm, sun-lit air; that it is gay, delicate, and free from care is undeniable, but it seems a little too diffuse in design, a little wanting in inspiration; almost, for so brilliant an improviser—tame.

On the other hand, Flandrin's decorations for a dining-room are, in their way, the most remarkable and definitive achievement of this year's Salon. They are unsympathetic to me, both in color and sentiment. They are hard, dry, positive, and, though the mood is a lyrical one of delight in rustic simplicity, it seems to me rather coldly entertained. But the actual achievement is undeniable. Here among the *jeunes* is once more the traditional French spirit—the spirit of Claude, of Poussin, and of Puvion—with its love of perfect lucidity and clearly reasoned, harmonious order. From the centre of the room one looks round on all sides upon a gently undulating mountainous landscape, like that of the Burgundian uplands. Everywhere is the same rather harsh, full-green grass, the same heavy grey-green trees, the same gently veiled sky and distance. But what surprises one is the unerring certainty with which all the complex problems of design which such a scheme provides are solved. One who had never tried it would never guess from this that the space construction, the plastic relief, and the arabesque of the forms, considered as flat surfaces upon the wall, each puts in its claim for conciliation to the exclusion of the other conflicting claims, so nicely, with such tact and apparent absence of effort has Flandrin satisfied them all. Flandrin is a great academic in the best sense of the word.

Asselin, who is as yet scarcely known, promises, if one may judge from some quite unambitious works, to express a similar Latin sentiment for idyllic landscape, with more intensity of passion and more exaltation of mood. Simon Bussy shows only one picture, the "Leda," which figured in the International Exhibition of last summer in London. It still remains to me what it was then, a curiously enigmatical picture. I can appreciate, better, perhaps, than at first sight, the amazing ingenuity of its design, with its intricate interweave of silhouettes, its nice balance of unexpected colors and values, but I still wonder whether it is lyrical, ironic, or purely fantastic in intention. It is rather cruelly hung—for its harmonies are nothing if not subtle—beside the odd but fascinating work of a Polish artist, Eugène Zak, who persists, and succeeds, in drawing strange, disquieting harmonies from the sharpest, most uncompromising notes of pure, bright aniline pink and yellow. He has an intonation which is fresh, original, and well suited to his very primitive narrative style.

One of the surprises of the exhibition is the re-appearance after so many years of Steinlen, no longer as the brilliant illustrator of suburban manners, but as a painter on a large and ambitious scale. His two nude negresses and a cat is a strikingly solid and deliberate painting, which may be classified as half-way between Manet and Gauguin. It is more impressive at first sight than at second, which suggests that it is rather an essay in sound craftsmanship than an inspired statement, but it serves to administer a dignified rebuke to Lavery's sentimental mondaines who hang near by.

ROGER FRY.

Present-Day Problems.

THE RIGHTS OF THE INVADERS.

THE butcheries in Tripoli are a terrible business. Far more shocking to my mind, however, is the assumption which seems to underlie all the comments upon them—even the most indignant—that there may be some shadow of justification for them in overpowering military

exigency, and that at all events they have the Law of War on their side. This assumption, which even Mr. Trevelyan seems to share, is little less than an atrocity in itself, and it ought not to be allowed to pass without protest. Civilised pugnacity is happily not quite so bad as it is here pictured. If the Italians have done what they are alleged to have done, they have certainly not the law, *quâ* law, of civilised warfare on their side. It is true that some of the great Powers—Russia and Germany, for instance—take the harsher view, but the principle they advocate has never been embodied in Treaty law, and hitherto Italy herself has loyally assisted Great Britain and France in resisting its acceptance.

The story of the diplomatic negotiations on this head may be worth recalling, if only as a corrective to the cynics.

In the old days, when nationalities scarcely existed outside their embodiment in kings and priests, and States were fashioned and wars waged chiefly to serve dynastic or religious interests, the notion that an invaded people had rights of any kind was of the faintest. Wars were generally conceived and conducted for conquest, and hence there was no necessity to assume a distinction between the rights of military occupation and those of annexation. The result was a generally accepted idea that once any portion of a foreign country was invaded and occupied, the inhabitants became *ipso facto* assimilated to the subjects of the invader, and hence had no right of patriotic resistance at all, while even outside the limits of actual occupation non-professional combatants were treated in the same way. This state of things lasted until 1874. Meanwhile some doubts as to the legitimacy of the prevailing theory had arisen, chiefly among the smaller States, and as a consequence of Napoleon's drastic Lombardy decrees and more particularly of the ruthless insistence on the old disabilities of the invaded by Germany during the war of 1870. By way of conciliating the public feeling thus aroused, the Russian Government proposed in 1874 a Conference on the Rules of Military Warfare. At first it was thought that the idea of the Tsar was to help the cause of the patriots and the humanitarians. It soon appeared, however, that his main object was to effect a compromise, which in the balance would strengthen the position of the great military states.

At the Conference, which duly met in Brussels in July, 1874, the battle raged round the precise questions raised by the alleged Italian excesses in Tripoli. The Russian and German Governments both proposed to concede the legalisation of the *levée en masse* outside the limits of occupied territory, but within those limits they insisted on the enforcement of the old rule. This, notwithstanding that it was acknowledged on all hands that occupation must in its essence be transitory and that it cannot be transformed into annexation by the mere *sic volo* of the occupant. In the original draft convention submitted to the Conference by Baron Jomini, the Russian representative, the claim of the great military states under this head was thus formulated:—

"Individuals belonging to the population of a country, in which the enemy's power is already established, who shall rise in arms against them, may be handed over to justice, and are not regarded as prisoners of war."

With this proposal the smaller States refused to agree, and they were supported by Great Britain, France, and Italy. Attempts at a compromise were made, but they were fruitless, and the upshot was that the proposed clause was dropped.

Although this left the Powers free to apply the old rule in all its primitive ferocity, if they so pleased, it had at any rate the compensating effect of showing that the rule was no longer an uncontested principle of international law. On this head some of the protests at the Conference are worth quoting. Here is what Baron Baude said on behalf of France:—

"Occupation does not constitute the right of possession. As long as a treaty of peace has not ceded an occupied country to the occupier, the inhabitants of the country are by right, if not in fact, subject to the laws which governed them before occupation, and it appears a strong measure to place them, so to speak, beyond the pale of the law. If, therefore, they rise, an armed resistance may be offered to them; if they be

vanquished, they cannot be treated otherwise than as belligerents."

The Dutch protest, which Lord Derby publicly praised, was not less emphatic:—

"No country can possibly admit that if the population of a *de facto* occupied district rise in arms against the established authority of the invader, they should be subject to the laws of war in force in the occupying army. . . . Holland repudiates the idea of any Government contemplating the delivering over in advance to the justice of the enemy men who from patriotic motives and at their own risk might expose themselves to all the dangers consequent upon a rising. If citizens are to be sacrificed for having attempted to defend their country at the peril of their lives, they need not find inscribed on the post at the which they are about to be shot, the article of a treaty signed by their own Government, which had in advance condemned them to death."

In this view Switzerland concurred, her representative refusing to "admit that a population should be handed over as criminals to justice for having taken up arms against the enemy." The Italian protests were less rhetorical, but Baron Blanc took care to reserve the cases not dealt with in the proposed Convention, while it was on the motion of his colleague, Count Lanza, that the Russo-German clause was eventually rejected.

Notwithstanding this important amendment, the Convention, as ultimately adopted, was still calculated to operate very oppressively in favor of big battalions, and on this ground Lord Derby refused to ratify it. It consequently fell to the ground. Lord Derby, in a very striking despatch, reviewed the whole proceedings of the Conference, and emphatically declared himself on the side of the small States on the question of risings in occupied territory. Here is his own summary of British policy on the subject:—

"Above all, her Majesty's Government refuse to be a party to any agreement, the effect of which would be to facilitate aggressive wars, and to paralyse the patriotic resistance of an invaded people."

The question was not allowed to rest in the unsatisfactory state in which it was left by the Brussels Conference. At The Hague Conference of 1899 it was again taken in hand, and this time the lead was taken by Great Britain on the basis of Lord Derby's statement of policy in 1874. Owing to the continued resistance of the great Military States it was not found possible to establish the rights of the invaded in the precise form desired by the smaller States, but a compromise was arrived at which was understood at the time to afford a sufficient guarantee against such punitive excesses as the Italians are alleged to have committed in Tripoli. This was the result of a proposal brought forward by the British delegate, Sir John Ardagh, to add a fresh article to the Chapter "On the Qualifications of Belligerents" (Arts. I. and II.) which for the purposes of the new Convention had been borrowed textually from the abortive Convention of 1874. This article ran as follows:—

"Nothing in this chapter shall be considered as tending to diminish or suppress the right which belongs to the population of an invaded country to patriotically oppose the most energetic resistance to their invaders by every legitimate means."

Sir John Ardagh did not disguise from the Conference that the object of this article was to insure a measure of belligerent right to risings in occupied territories, and in this sense it was discussed. The Conference, however, was as hopelessly divided upon it as the preceding Conference had been on the affirmative proposal of the Russian and German Governments. Ultimately it was agreed that the proposal should be withdrawn, and that in its stead the following paragraph should be inserted in the preamble of the Convention:—

"It has not been possible to agree forthwith on provisions embracing all the circumstances which occur in practice. On the other hand, it could not be intended by the high contracting parties that the cases not provided for should, for want of a written provision, be left to the arbitrary judgment of the military commanders. Until a more complete code of the laws of war is issued, the high contracting parties think it right to declare that in cases not included in the regulations adopted by them, populations and belligerents remain under the protection and empire of the principles of international law, as they result from the usages established between civilised

nations, from the laws of humanity, and the requirements of the public conscience; they declare that it is in this sense especially that Articles I. and II. of the Regulations adopted must be understood."

This was accepted by Sir John Ardagh for the double reason that it was better than nothing and because the President stated, with the concurrence of the whole Conference, that the new formula meant precisely the same thing, and was as binding as the British proposal, with the sole difference that it left a certain necessary discretion to the commanders of invading armies in exceptionally hard cases. It should be added that here again the British attitude received in principle the support of the Italian representative and that Count Nigra even suggested the insertion of Sir John Ardagh's proposal in the final protocol as a gloss on the preamble.

At the second Hague Conference, when the Convention was revised, no changes were made in the preamble or in the chapters on Belligerency and Occupations so far as the right of patriotic defence was concerned. The law on the subject is consequently still represented by the Ardagh compromise, which virtually admits the legitimacy of risings in occupied territory, and requires that their suppression shall at any rate be regulated by "the laws of humanity and the requirements of the public conscience."

One word in conclusion on the question of reprisals. Assuming that risings in occupied territories are contrary to the Rules of War, are reprisals, as distinct from judicial punishment, legal? This question is important because it appears that in Tripoli there was scarcely any pretence at judicial punishment, the Arabs being shot down without trial or investigation of any kind, and less on account of their alleged misdeeds than as a deterrent to the whole native population. The answer to this question is that reprisals have no sanction in Treaty Law. Russia attempted to secure their recognition in the abortive Convention of 1874, but failed, and since then no effort has been made to legalise them either by the two Hague Conferences or by any other international negotiation. To them, consequently, the preamble of the Conventions of 1899 and 1908 apply; that is to say, that if they are resorted to, it must be in accordance with "the laws of humanity and the requirements of the public conscience." This, at any rate, has hitherto been the view of Italy, who in 1874 cordially supported the Belgian proposal that since the principle of reprisals was "odious," the Russian draft article should be "sacrificed on the altar of humanity." Count Lanza, moreover, expressed the opinion that "fines should constitute the only means formally recognised of punishing violations of the laws and customs of war," and he furthermore stated emphatically on behalf of the Cabinet of Rome that "the violation of the laws of war by one of the parties cannot release the other from its obligations to observe them."

These are irreproachable sentiments, and it remains to be seen how they have been acted upon in Tripoli.

LUCIEN WOLF.

Letters to the Editor.

A MATTER FOR INQUIRY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The following document, in the shape of a letter from the Turkish Prime Minister to M. Emile Vandervelde, appears to have escaped notice in England. But we have surely interest in becoming acquainted with it. I give a translation of it below, in part:—

"In the recent adventure Italy is not the only guilty party; the other Powers are accomplices, since the blow which has been struck was a blow prepared by them. Their representatives take us by the throat and say: 'First accept the occupation as an accomplished fact, then we shall help you to settle the affair.' This inconceivable attitude on the part of Europe affects us as much as the loss of Tripoli, if we

are to lose it, because it will give rise in the East to suspicion, despair, and disgust. The East will no longer have any faith in civilisation, in the plighted word, in treaties signed by Europe. This contradiction between words and acts is, in the eyes of Orientals, a crime of lese-morality. The Young Turkish party, which aimed so loyally at making Europe liked by the people, to cause the people to adopt European progress and to throw a bridge between the West and the world of Islam, will fail in that effort through Europe's fault. Now, after the brutal Italian assault, undertaken with the knowledge of the Powers, our internal opponents blame us for having flattered European civilisation for having boasted of the advantages which should have flowed therefrom for us; they have reached the point of declaring that real progress consists in increasing our bayonets and our ships of war, and true patriotism to consist in sacrificing everything to the war budget. This is where Europe has brought us, and especially France and England, thanks to their secret understandings with Italy."

This communication, signed by Ahmed Riza, shows that the Turkish Parliament is of opinion that the British and French Governments were cognisant of Italian intentions and approved them. If the Moslem world becomes persuaded that this is the truth, the consequences may be of the most momentous character to our rule in India and elsewhere. The national interest obviously requires that the mystery should be cleared up. To the denials of our Foreign Office, the Turks oppose an equally categorical assertion. But the matter is surely susceptible of proof on one side or the other, and the nation has the right to know precisely where it stands.—Yours, &c.,

E. D. MOREL.

November 5th, 1911.

P.S.—"Le Cri de Paris" is not what you might call a high-class paper, but its opening article, devoted to foreign affairs, not infrequently contains interesting information. In the issue of November 5th, one may read what follows:—

"In August last our Ambassador at Rome ignored, and for good reasons, the imminence of the annexation of Tripoli by Italy. Summoned to take part with M. Cambon in the governmental conferences relating to the Franco-German conflict, he made no allusion whatever to the eventuality of an expedition. King Victor Emmanuel himself, in the course of a conversation he had barely seven weeks ago with two foreign diplomats, foresaw the possibility of an annexation only in a distant future. The formal counsel to occupy Tripoli was sent to Rome by the Foreign Office towards the middle of September. It was the very moment when the discussions between M. Cambon and M. de Kiderlen Wächter had assumed such a character of bitterness that a rupture might be considered very probable. The British Ambassador in Rome informed the Italian Cabinet that if it did not make up its mind to act in Tripoli, the Foreign Office would consider itself entitled to take action in Cyrenaica in order to prevent Germany from penetrating there first. At the same time he informed M. Barrère (French Ambassador at Rome) of the step he proposed to take, and asked him to support it. Both succeeded in convincing the Italian Government that the time had come to act in Tripoli. They made the Italian Government understand that Germany, too much busied with France, would take good care not to alienate Italy entirely at such a moment, by opposing her veto."

A couple of weeks ago, a particularly well-informed friend in Italy, in the course of a letter, informed me that, contrary to the general view, King Victor Emmanuel was against the war, but had "been over-borne." In regard to the rumor about Cyrenaica, to the effect that Germany was actually negotiating with the Turkish Government a lease of Bengazi as a coaling station when Italy took the action she did, a rumor which has been formally denied by the Turkish Embassy in London, a friend, who has been spending several months in Tripoli, tells me that the number of Germans in Tripoli was six, in addition to the Consul, and that the German Consul, whom he personally knew, far from encouraging his compatriots to obtain a footing in the Tripolitaine, had been sending home report after report, discouraging German enterprises in the country which offered, in his opinion, no openings of a promising character.

E. D. M.

THE COMING HOME RULE BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If the Home Rule Bill is to have a successful passage either in Ireland or through the House of Commons, the appeal made in your last number should be responded to, and the principles on which it must rest freely dis-

cussed. Will you, therefore, allow me to suggest that I hope it is not too late for the Government to reconsider the two questions of the Customs and the retention of the Irish members at Westminster, which you hint have already been settled? It is quite in vain for you or the Irish leaders to argue that the often-misquoted and misunderstood report of the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations should form the basis of the measure, if the restoration of the Irish Custom House is refused. The fourth finding of the Majority Report is "that identity of rates of taxation does not necessarily involve equality of burden." Two-thirds of the Irish taxation are derived from customs and excise, and the country can enjoy no control over her finances if this vast proportion of her revenue is dealt with at Westminster. The British now manage these two items, so that less than half of the taxation of their own island is derived from indirect duties on food, drink, and other necessities, while in Ireland three-quarters come from such sources. The social and economic differences of the two islands are far too great for a single Custom House to work equitably. The destruction of the Irish Customs in 1823 was probably the greatest blow which the Union inflicted on that country, and all attempts to discover the true amount paid in taxation since have been, and must continue to be, pure guess-work until they are re-constituted. There can be no real knowledge of the necessities which are imported, nor of the productions which are exported, on which alone a fabric of commercial prosperity can be erected, until this machinery is restored. The only honest argument against it proceeds from a stupid confusion between the existence of a Custom House and a Tariff. Everyone may concede that any hostile tariff between them would be an unmitigated calamity to both islands. The way, however, to prevent this is to insert a general clause in the Act, prohibiting either from setting up such against the other, and this will press much more hardly on Great Britain than Ireland. One of the strong political parties in this country at the present moment is pledged to a general tariff, and both of them have combined for ten years past in maintaining a protective system with regard to one of the most important articles of food and raw material, which is imposing a heavy burden on Ireland no less than upon Great Britain. It is for the good behavior of Great Britain, then, that restraint is required; Ireland has an excellent record. But all this is quite irrelevant to the question of a Custom House, which is the indispensable first step to re-establishing an industrial Ireland. In itself it will make large incidental branches of business possible, such as public warehousing in bond, and advances on produce, which have now to be carried on almost exclusively in Great Britain.

Your only argument against the proposal is that it would cause the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster. You may be well assured that if this is not the case, there will be no Home Rule. You say that the experience of the previous Acts is to be followed in respect to this matter. What was that experience? In the Bill of 1886, the Irish members were excluded; in 1893, first they were included, then a half-and-half system was arranged, called the "In-and-out" clause, which reduced the whole thing to a farce. The idea of committing Irish legislation exclusively to Irishmen and yet allowing them to interfere in the local affairs of Great Britain will not bear examination; no precedent in favor of such an anomaly can be drawn from the powers conferred on any existing body, and there is nothing to sanction it in the federal idea. No adequate protection to the British Parliament will arise from the proposed reduction in the number of Irish members. The effect of this will only be to make the body at Westminster impotent to help Ireland, and to leave it practically as strong as at present to injure Great Britain. The presence at Westminster during the past quarter of a century of a compact body of Irish members has almost destroyed the utility of the House of Commons from the British point of view. Their strength is constantly used on either side, regardless of the immediate merits, in accordance with what is assumed to be the interest of Ireland. This coercion has been carried too far, and nothing will tend more to popularise the Home Rule Bill than the prospect that it will put an end to it, and restore a free Parliament to Great Britain. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that the precedents either of 1886 or 1893 can be followed too slavishly in the

coming Bill. The twenty years which have passed since 1893 have been the most splendid epoch of progress in Ireland which the history of the country exhibits. Great Britain has been brought to recognise facts instead of groping in the dark. It is from this period, during which extraordinary liberality and confidence have been shown towards Ireland, and from the general experience of Home Rule throughout the Empire, that precedents must be drawn. I am therefore very hopeful that no hasty decision will be arrived at, and that among the benefits which the measure will confer there will be for Ireland the re-opening of her Custom House, and for Great Britain the restoration of the utility of her Parliament.—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS LOUGH.

14, Dean's Yard, Westminster Abbey,
London, S.W.
November 8th, 1911.

IRISH FINANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The writer of an excellent article, "The Conditions of Home Rule," in your issue of November 4th, has somewhat understated the facts on two points of prime importance:—

(1) *Ireland is now receiving instead of paying. She is "run at a loss" of about £1,300,000 a year.* The actual figure should be about £1,392,500 a year. Thus, using the Treasury White Paper (No. 220), issued during October—which revised the figures of No. 220, issued in July last—the revenue "contributed" by Ireland from taxes was £7,103,000 in 1909-10, and £10,212,000 in 1910-11. The mean of both figures is £8,657,500, which measures the *tax revenue* at present, assuming the Treasury's estimated adjustments. Add £1,294,500, the *non-tax revenue* of Ireland in 1910-11, and we get £9,952,000 for the entire revenue "contributed" by Ireland. The expenditure in Ireland in 1910-11 was stated at £11,344,500, which exceeded that "contributed" revenue by £1,392,500.

(2) *The Royal Commission on Financial Relations found that Ireland was taxed beyond her taxable capacity as compared with that of Great Britain. The excess was estimated by Mr. Childers at £2,225,000 a year.* Mr. Childers's actual figure was £2,725,868; or, "in round numbers, about 2½ millions in excess of that which she would have contributed if taxed according to her relative taxable capacity." (Paper Cd. 8262 of 1896, p. 183; being Mr. Childers's Draft Report, par. 234.)

I want, however, to point out the irrelevance of Mr. Childers's figure (for the year 1893-94) at the present time, when the data of the case have altered very much for the worse. The Financial Relations Commission worked out their problem of finding a measure of relative *taxable capacity* in two steps, viz.—

(1) They proved that the relative *annual wealth* could be measured by two standards: (a) Gross Assessment of Property for the Death Duties (N.B.—not the "yield" of these Duties); (b) Gross Assessment of Income for Income Tax (N.B.—not the "yield" of the Tax). When applied to the figures of the year 1893-94, these standards established that the *annual wealth* of Ireland then bore to that of Great Britain the proportion of "1 to 17, or as one-eighteenth of that of the United Kingdom." (Childers's Draft Report, par. 221.)

(2) They showed, next, that the relative *taxable capacity* could not be so large as the relative *annual wealth*; because some deduction from annual income must be made for mere subsistence, only the surplus left being available for taxation. Everybody admits the principle that some deduction must be allowed; but on the point *How much deduction?* opinions will differ. Being agreed that Ireland's relative *annual wealth* was (at that time) one-seventeenth of that of Great Britain, at what proportion did the Commissioners fix the *taxable capacity*? Their historic answer (at that time) was: "It is not estimated by any of us as exceeding one-twentieth" (that of Great Britain). At that time, "the actual *tax-revenue* of Ireland" was "about one-eleventh of that of Great Britain"; the *taxable capacity* was then "not exceeding one-twentieth"; so the excess of taxation paid by Ireland was 2½ millions sterling—at that time.

But what excess of taxation is Ireland paying to-day?

Apply the same two standards to the present-day figures. (Inland Revenue Reports, for 1910-11, Cd. 5,833; for 1909-10, Cd. 5,308.)

(1.) CAPITAL VALUES OF PROPERTIES ASSESSED FOR DEATH DUTIES.*

	Report 1910-11. Millions sterling.	Report 1909-10. Millions sterling.
United Kingdom ...	393,885,367	371,808,534
Ireland ...	20,293,277	15,872,302
Ireland's part ...	1 in 19·4	1 in 23·4

(2) GROSS INCOME REVIEWED BY THE INCOME TAX COMMISSIONERS.

	Report 1910-11 Millions sterling.	Report 1909-10 Millions sterling.
United Kingdom ...	1,011,100,345	1,009,935,926
Ireland ...	40,191,827	39,737,022
Ireland's part ..	1 in 25·1	1 in 25·4

Taking the mean of both years, the first standard gives us 1 in 21·2 as Ireland's part; the second standard gives us 1 in 25·2. The relative *annual wealth* is, therefore, at present about 1 to 23. How much then is the taxable capacity? Shall we say, 1 in 25, or 1 in 23?

Now in the two years, 1909-11, the United Kingdom raised from taxes (omitting non-tax revenue) £281,360,000. Knock off some £6,119,000 which the Treasury estimated was derived from "Imperial sources." We have left £275,241,000, or £137,620,500 a year. Here, at 1-25th, Ireland's part would have been £5,505,020; at 1-23th, it would have been £4,915,618. But we have seen above that £8,657,500 is here present actual "contributed" revenue from taxes only.

So the overtaxation of Ireland at the present time is certainly £3,152,500, and may be put at £3,741,882; let us say that it is 3½ millions sterling as compared with the 2½ millions of Mr. Childers's time, 1893-94.—Yours, &c.,

Rathgar, Dublin.

C. H. OLDHAM.

November 7th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In dealing with the subject of the coming Home Rule Bill, Mr. Hobhouse is reported to have said that "there ought to be a clear differentiation between the power of taxation in respect of what was local and what was Imperial money." If this somewhat obscurely worded sentence in any way represents the actual ideas of Mr. Hobhouse or the Cabinet of which he is a member, it demands careful consideration from all those who are interested in the future of Ireland. While awaiting further elucidation, might I suggest that, as it stands, the pronouncement seems to betray a confusion and superficiality of thought highly dangerous to a satisfactory solution of the Home Rule problem in its financial aspect? There ought, no doubt, to be a clear distinction established between Ireland's domestic and her Imperial obligations. It ought to be made incumbent upon her beyond all makeshift or quibbling to cut her coat according to her cloth. It ought no longer to be open to her to condone or even encourage administrative extravagance with the natural ambition of recouping herself for the past exactions of the British Treasury. But when we are told that she is only to raise local, as opposed to Imperial, money there are two questions to be asked—(1) Is this equitable? (2) Is it practicable?

To me it appears altogether unfair that England should continue to fix certain Irish taxes on the ground that the money they produce is due for Imperial purposes. Where is the logic of such an arrangement? When the Colonies propose to make Imperial contributions in the shape of war-ships, it is considered a proper return to give them a voice in the management of the Navy, in foreign policy, in the formation of commercial treaties. No one thinks of saying, "Oh, if you are going to spend money on Imperial purposes, of course we (England) must have the fixing of the taxes by which you raise it." In the case of Ireland, it is true, the British taxpayer may, for a time, be giving instead of receiving; but, if so, what sense or meaning is there in reserving to the Imperial Parliament the power of taxation in respect of "Imperial money"? If Ireland is, in

* Estate (Table 17), Legacy (Table 38), and Succession Duties (Table 42).

fact, insolvent, and deserves to be penalised on that account (which, to say the least, is a disputable proposition), I can conceive your refusing her a voice in Imperial matters, but I cannot conceive your discovering any justification therein for maintaining your present disastrous control of her system of taxation.

Again, it is most difficult to see how any such differentiation as that suggested could be put in practice. It is very certain that the taxes Mr. Hobhouse wishes to keep under British control are Customs and Excise duties. The produce of these taxes in Ireland enormously exceeds any sum that Ireland could possibly afford to pay for genuinely Imperial purposes. We must, therefore, infer that it is proposed to label certain expenditure as Imperial which is really Irish (e.g., Old Age Pensions, Insurance, Police, Viceroy, &c.), in other words, to perpetuate the hateful system which blinds Ireland to her real responsibilities, to encourage the querulousness and self-deception which the Union has fostered. And, while refusing her the medicine of responsibility on the one hand, you will be refusing her the elements of liberty on the other. She is denied the power to evolve any organic system of finance; she is still to be buffeted about by every wind of British economic doctrine; Chancellors of the Exchequer are still to paralyse her with taxes and demoralise her with doles; all this to the accompaniment of incessant and degrading controversy between the two countries upon money matters.

When will the British Liberal look the facts in the face, and realise that for a thousand reasons we ought to be disentangled from British industrial and financial policy, and set free to follow our own path and learn to be citizens and men?—Yours, &c.,

FRANK MACDERMOT.

PRIVATE SECRETARIES AND PUBLIC DEPARTMENTS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You have always shown great interest in all matters affecting the growth of bureaucracy in our public service, and I therefore venture to draw your attention to a practice which has grown up in the Board of Education, and which seems likely seriously to curtail the independence of the Minister. I refer to the appointment of private secretaries. For the second time, a President of the Board of Education has as his private secretary a gentleman who has been transferred from a like post under the Permanent Secretary.

At first sight this seems reasonable enough, for, as Mr. Balfour pointed out the other day, Ministers have to be trained in their new posts, and it might be urged that no more suitable guide could be found for a new Minister than one who had acted as private secretary to the permanent head of the Department. But a close examination of the matter reveals dangers which are, perhaps, hardly suspected by the Minister himself. Private secretaries are, in other Government Departments, and have been until recent years in the Board of Education, selected from promising young men of some experience in the office. The posts are highly prized, not only on account of the special emoluments attached to them, but also because of the opportunities they offer for gaining exceptional experience. Sir Robert Morant has broken through this practice by appointing as his own private secretaries men of little or no experience in the office, and he has thus deprived the body of higher officials of a great stimulus.

One of the first duties of the private secretary of a Minister is to procure first-hand information for his chief, and generally to make him independent, if necessary, of his officials.

Considering all the circumstances of his private secretary's previous training, is the present President of the Board of Education likely to secure for himself that independence which is so greatly to be desired in the interests of good administration?

The prompt and public act of handing on the Permanent Secretary's private secretary to the new President may presumably be taken as evidence that no change can be looked for in the policy and methods of the Board to which of late so much exception has been taken.—Yours, &c.,

ALPHA.

November 8th, 1911.

REINHARDT AND HIS "NEW ART."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In reading Mr. St. John Hutchinson's letter regarding my article on Reinhardt, I can only plead guilty to one sentiment, best expressed in Clive's familiar dictum, "By G—d, gentlemen, I stand aghast at my own moderation!" If Mr. Hutchinson had read my article carefully, or with a glimmering of a sense of humor, he would have seen that, so far from being open to any charge of "uncritical adulation," my analysis of Reinhardt's work was nothing if not critical, its whole purpose being to find out what were his merits and what his demerits, in what Reinhardt was indebted to this contemporary movement, and in what to that. My hope, indeed, was to temper with discrimination the chorus of undoubtedly "uncritical adulation" which had been raised elsewhere. With my efforts in this direction Mr. Hutchinson seems unable to pick a quarrel.

He seems, however, by a complete misconception, to have mixed me up with the committee—"including the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition"—now being organised to welcome the Great Reinhardt to these shores. I must beg, in sheer justice, to disclaim the honor. If Mr. Hutchinson wishes to hit out at anyone, let him address himself to the statesmen concerned. Because I mention the committee—really in a satiric spirit which, perhaps, was not apparent to Mr. Hutchinson—am I to be held responsible for that committee's existence? To blame me for it is as ludicrous as, I most cordially agree, is the constitution of the committee itself, from an artistic standpoint. Personally, I am entirely against these official banalities; but the fact remains as a fact, and as a proof of the impression that Reinhardt has made in certain representative quarters.

The most incomprehensible part of Mr. Hutchinson's charge is his objection to my having contended that Reinhardt was "indebted to Mr. Gordon Craig" for some of his scenic ideas. So far as I noticed, I was the only critic in London who dared to make this suggestion on the production of "Sumurun." Yet upon me, of all people, are the vials of Mr. Hutchinson's wrath outpoured, because, forsooth, he fervently agrees with me! What, then, did he expect me to say? Did he wish me to express a contrary opinion?

The inevitable assumption is that, in charging me with "uncritical adulation" of Reinhardt, Mr. Hutchinson is only angry because, in writing of Reinhardt, I did not go out of my way to indulge in "uncritical adulation" of Mr. Gordon Craig. Can it be the critical attitude that annoys Mr. Hutchinson? Would he, for instance, have had me say that Reinhardt was indebted to Mr. Craig for more than the particular scenic notions that I mentioned? This would, of course, have been entirely wrong, for there is a great deal in Reinhardt that is not in Mr. Gordon Craig. It would be futile, for instance, to pretend that Reinhardt is indebted to Mr. Gordon Craig for his Oriental opulence and warmth of imagination, which are, presumably, racial, or for his exuberance, or for his humor, or for his dumb-show methods, or for his use of the "apron-stage," or for his management of the crowd in "Œdipus," or for his reading of certain Shakespearean characters, such as Othello, or for many other things, some of them extensions of Reinhardt's own personality, some of them ideas borrowed from elsewhere. On the other hand, Mr. Gordon Craig's art has qualities which are not to be found in Reinhardt. But it would be quite beside the mark to suggest on that account that Mr. Gordon Craig is all-creative, and that Reinhardt is all-imitative. As it happens, I am not only an admirer of Mr. Gordon Craig's work, but, as a personal friend, have had the opportunity of discussing at length with him the relations of his art to that of Reinhardt, and know him to be, on the points at issue, in substantial agreement with myself.

We come to this, then, that here are two interesting men, both of them in their very different ways of extreme value to our theatre just now. To exalt either of them at the expense of the other, by such "uncritical adulation" as that which Mr. Hutchinson extends to Mr. Gordon Craig, would be unfair to both. So far as Mr. Gordon Craig is concerned, I hope to treat of his influence in more detail later on. As for Reinhardt, my opinion of him remains quite unshaken by Mr. Hutchinson's fulminations. He is

indubitably a strong man of the theatre, full of energy, full of enthusiasm, full of ideas, some of them his own and some not. He has pressed into his service all sorts of contemporary movements. He is practical. He is successful. The value of his tenets may, very probably, be limited and qualified, as was especially noted in those parts of my article which Mr. Hutchinson did not, apparently, honor with perusal. But to deny that he is of importance, or that he has an original message and a personality of his own, is absurd.—Yours, &c.,

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

THE ANGLO-GERMAN EXHIBITION PROPOSAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I cannot think that this proposal of the Anglo-German Friendship Society is as "excellent" as the motive which has prompted it.

Unless the Exhibition were really a great success, it would not influence very happily the cause in which it has been proposed, and circumstances are certainly not favorable towards it at the moment.

Business men in the two countries could not reasonably be expected to entertain the idea, except as a business proposition, and from this point of view many of them may well be excused if they should decline the invitation to support it. It should be remembered that these exhibitions are not generally regarded with favor, either in this country or in Germany, and those to whom they appeal have at least had ample opportunity in the last few years of participating in this form of enterprise. There has been an Anglo-Japanese Exhibition, a Franco-British Exhibition, a Brussels Exhibition, an Exhibition at Turin, and several in Buenos Ayres, not to mention others less pretentious. There is to be, or has been, also an International Hygiene Exhibition in Germany, on behalf of which, by the way, an almost fruitless appeal was made in this country; while the number of similar enterprises of an international character now being canvassed is not small. By the time the Anglo-German Exhibition arrived, even enthusiastic exhibitors would most probably be feeling surfeited.

But why appeal to British and German traders in a political cause? They are surely at all times the most potent peace-makers in their country, and as for improving their business relations with one another, I think they may best be left to their own devices.

Is not some less-hackneyed event, with a wider and surer popular appeal, more desirable than an exhibition? An Anglo-German Festival, in which the drama, music, sports, and other social recreations would make up the programme, arranged by the professional representatives of these interests, would give far more pleasure than any inanimate exhibition; and to that extent, in my humble judgment, would be more effective in the cause of international friendship.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN MURRAY.

Briarfield Avenue, Finchley.
November 7th, 1911.

SOCRATES AND MORAL FORCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your interesting Socratic dialogue on Peace and War depends, of course—as do all Socratic dialogues—on some tacit or express admission, which Socrates extracts at the beginning, apparently innocently, but of which that aggravating person afterwards makes controversial use. I am not sure, however, that you realise what this incautious admission really was, or how it might have quite logically been avoided. Your Socrates takes for granted a certain idea. It is an idea I have often found preached in your pages. It is an idea which I and many other Liberals flatly deny, and I think nothing is more important just now than to clear up these questions of the ethical roots of politics.

You say that civilisation means the substitution of Moral Force for Physical Force. I doubt if this is the general sense; most of that array of Science and Progress with which you overawe us, the poor dupes of superstition, claims specifically through its physical energies—the swiftness of the engines it has launched, or the immensity of the worlds it has explored. But this is a minor point. The

main and very vital point is this: That if civilisation is the substitution of Moral Force for Physical Force, then there is nothing in the least valuable or attractive about civilisation. There is nothing good at all about Moral Force; it all depends on the motive and the end. If the world contained nothing but devils willing pure evil, then the world would be all Moral Force—but it would have no moral value. The clever profligate who calmly poisons the thoughts of some ignorant girl is using Moral Force; the father who kicks him is using Physical Force. But even if (by some twist of conscience I can never conceive) you think the kick wrong, you surely would not say that it is worse than the moral seduction. The boy who whispers horrors to a small, sick sister for the fun of seeing her mad with terror is using Moral Force; the nurse who turns him out of the sick-room is using Physical Force. But surely you would call the boy cruel rather than the nurse! The blackmailer who racks money out of a man through his mere love of worldly honor is using Moral Force; the swindler who ruins thousands by dangling a duke or two to catch the snobs is using Moral Force; the newspaper-proprietor who works a selfish war by appealing to false patriotism or false humanitarianism is using Moral Force; the hypnotist who wills an idiot to kill his mother is using Moral Force; the idiot is using Physical Force. Surely you would blame the hypnotist, not the idiot!

Now the reason that all your argument is on the wrong side in this crisis is simply this: that to-day we are oppressed by an aristocracy of terrorists, profligates, blackmailers, snob-swindlers, newspaper-proprietors, and spiritual hypnotists—a tyranny of Moral Force. I have always wanted to thank you for the notes you published on the side of the railway strikers. Don't you see that the strikers are in revolt against invisible and intellectual forces—perpetual trickery, panic, the magnetism of wealth, the swiftness of small conspiracies, the doctrine of dastards that nothing succeeds like success? And don't you see that if you lay down the dogma that they must never use Physical Force to break out of this net, you are dashing the last weapon from the hands of the desperado?—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

November 9th, 1911.

THE MOROCCAN SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Sir Edward Grey informed the House of Commons that the Moroccan Question was "happily settled." May I suggest that we have no particular reason to rejoice over a settlement which reduces a proud race to the condition of slaves?

The heart is not gladdened at the prospect of Northern Africa becoming an industrial hell, where all traces of a pastoral life will be submerged in the scramble for wealth. When Europe has "improved" the natives of Morocco, Tunis, and Tripoli out of existence, then, I suppose, she will be really happy.—Yours, &c.,

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

49, Roland Gardens, South Kensington.

November 9th, 1911.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS AT TRIPOLI.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the last fifteen years I have seen a good deal of war and rebellion as a correspondent, and I wish to draw attention to one point in regard to the massacres of Arabs in Tripoli. I mean the evidence of the British and other war correspondents. Everyone who has served through a campaign knows that one's sympathy is drawn, even reluctantly, to the side on which one stands. However clearly your reason may perceive the right of the enemy's cause, you can hardly help identifying yourself with the army you accompany. The mere fact of being exposed to continual danger from the enemy produces an instinctive hatred and hostility. The knowledge that the enemy's success in battle would greatly increase your chances of death, makes you hesitate to hope for it, though you know his cause is just; and the mere comradeship of the field tempts you to be lenient and discriminating towards the errors of the men around you.

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Yet here in Tripoli we have one correspondent after another denouncing the atrocities of the army they accompany. They have broken through the natural instinct I have described, and have denounced the very people to whom in the usual course of war they would be most closely drawn. In so doing, they have made their own position very difficult and unpleasant. Every correspondent will understand what I mean, for the information, success, and comfort of correspondents depend very largely on the goodwill of the officers in command. Yet some of the correspondents, both British and foreign, have not hesitated to risk all this in their determination to reveal a horrible crime, and their resolve appears to me to establish the truth of their report.

Not that I needed further proof beyond their plain account and their names. I will leave out Mr. Herbert Montagu, of the 5th Royal Fusiliers, whose evidence is supported by Mr. Seppings Wright, the well-known war artist. They were both on the Turkish side. And I will leave out M. Henry Cossira, of the Paris "Excelsior," because he tried to dodge the censorship, and was sent home. But the document signed jointly by the correspondents of the "Morning Post," the "Daily Mirror," and Reuter's, and published in last Monday's papers, appears to me conclusive. They were themselves with the Italians, they had everything to lose by their action, and nothing to gain; and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, Reuter's correspondent, with whom I served in Morocco two years ago, is hardened to war, accustomed to North African fighting, and not at all the man to be carried away into exaggeration of horrors.

Their evidence is only confirmed by the "Times" correspondent, a man even more fully acquainted with every kind of warfare, and by Mr. Magee, another of the "Daily Mirror's" representatives. Still more noticeable is the action of Mr. McCullagh, of the "Westminster Gazette" and "New York World," and of Herr Gottberg, of the "Lokal-anzeiger," who actually sent in their papers to General Caneva, and returned home rather than remain as passive witnesses of the scenes enacted by the General's troops. I have never heard of such a thing being done before. I do not know whether it was wise or prudent. It must have required extraordinary resolution and self-sacrifice. But, speaking as a correspondent, and knowing a correspondent's zeal, I do say that no stronger confirmation of the charges could be imagined.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

National Liberal Club,
November 9th, 1911.

METAPHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is proposed to form, during the coming winter, a circle for the discussion of metaphysical and psychological problems. The proposal is to make the meetings informal rather than to limit them to the discussion of merely set papers, and to avoid, as far as possible, the use of set speeches.

The secretaries will be pleased to hear from gentlemen interested in these objects.—Yours, &c.,

E. BELFORT BAX, Chairman, *pro tem.*

J. STUART HAY,

E. T. HULME,

} Secretaries, *pro tem.*

67, Frith Street, Soho Square, W.C.

Poetry.

THE SMITH.

A STURDY, tough, and sinuous man, of huge dimensions round,
With shoulders like an Hercules, full six feet from the ground;
Gruff-voiced, full-featured, forehead broad, with dark and shaggy locks,

Thick-lipped, deep-eyed, and beetle-browed, and belly like an ox;

His massive arms, as hard as oak, no creature could withstand,

He takes a strong and solid link and snaps it with his hand,

Now binds the bulging muscle round, without a crack or flaw,

And draws the steady sinew up and breaks it like a straw.

His neck is short, and thick and strong, and bullock-shaped his head,

A stubborn growth upon the chin, and cheeks of robust red,

A daring and unflinching eye, with something of the leer,
And when he scowls you'd think he looks most like a buccaneer.

Burly he stands before the forge, devoid of hat and vest,
His woollen shirt unbuttoned wide above his hairy breast;

Now runs his fingers through his hair, now tugs his belt below,

Now draws his rough and horny hand across his grimy brow,

Mechanically stoops and turns, attentive to his heat,
Mechanically lifts his hand and brushes off the sweat,

Or deftly turns his head aside and shoots a glance around,

And shakes the streaming rivers off in drops upon the ground;

Gulps a good draught of liquor down, reviews his heat again,

And gives the signal, short and plain, to his tried and trusty men.

Now from the forge the sulphurous flames leap madly up on high,

The puffing blast roars underground, the cinders shoot and fly

In one ascending, livid sheet, yellow and pale and red,
And mount into the dusky roof to the rafters overhead,
As round and round the metal's turned to get the final glow,

And make it ready for the stroke, and fit to take the blow.

Sudden the roaring blast subsides, the cinders stop the same,

The sulphurous cloud no more ascends, down drops the yellow flame,

Out comes the white and hissing mass, in the twinkling of an eye,

And the anvil steel begins to ring, and the sparks begin to fly.

Downward the rapid strokes descend above the clinking steel,

And round and round the hammers swing like the circle of a wheel,

Blow after blow upon the piece, with a short and dully sound,

And still the scintillating sparks fly out upon the ground.

The careful smith directs the toil, and regulates the pace,
Sees every blow is rightly struck, and each one in its place,

Speaks not a word to any man, but puffing with the heat,
Lifts his forefinger to his brow and swishes off the sweat;
Sees nothing but the work in hand, hears not a sound the more,

Until the forging is complete and safe upon the floor.
Then with his mates he gathers round, and breathes a little space,

And gulps the greedy liquor down, and wipes his sooty face,

And often looks upon his toil and thinks how well 'tis done,

And views it with the same regard as a father views his son;

Prepares a like and second heat, with cinder, spark, and flame,

And waits upon the burning mass, works, toils, and sweats the same.

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- "A Travers Trois Siècles." Par E. Daudet. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)
- "La Passagère." Roman. Par Guy Chantepleure. (Paris: Lafitte. 3fr. 50.)

THE first complete and unexpurgated edition of George Fox's "Journal" has just been published by the Cambridge University Press, and a comparison of this with preceding editions shows that the seventeenth-century editors gave themselves a good deal of liberty in dealing with Fox's manuscripts. These have fortunately been preserved, and the "Journal" has now been reproduced for the first time in its entirety, under the care of Mr. Norman Penney. Mr. T. E. Harvey, M.P., who contributes an introduction, explains that the practice grew up of submitting all literature of a religious character written by members of the Society of Friends to a meeting of Quaker ministers and elders. Apparently, this body entrusted the work of transcribing the "Journal" for the press to Thomas Ellwood; but before it was printed, the book was read and re-read, in order that "nothing might be omitted fit to be inserted, nor anything inserted fit to be left out," while other changes were made, as William Penn said, so that "it might not sound uncouth and unfashionable to nice ears." Many people will be glad to have the Quaker classic as Fox wrote it, and free from the modifications introduced by Ellwood and the editorial committee.

THE season has already produced some biographies of great interest, and several other books of this class which appear on the announcement lists have not yet been issued. Among these is "The Autobiography and Life of Father Tyrrell," which Mr. Arnold led us to expect as long ago as last spring. It will be in two volumes, the first autobiographical and giving an account of Tyrrell's youth, his conversion to Catholicism, his early life as a Jesuit, and his studies in scholastic philosophy. The second volume covers the last eight years of Tyrrell's life, and is largely made up of letters and other documents that have been placed at the disposal of his literary executor, Miss Maud Petre.

ANOTHER promising biography is Miss Amelia Hutchison Stirling's "James Hutchison Stirling: His Life and Work," which Mr. Fisher Unwin has in the press. Stirling's name is, of course, closely associated with Hegelian philosophy, and the book deals largely with this side of his activity. But his life had many other interests. He was in Paris during the three days of the *coup d'état* of 1851, and his description of the affair will appear in the volume. There is also to be a full account of Stirling's intimacy with

Carlyle, as well as letters from Carlyle, Emerson, and other famous men whom he knew.

"THE PERIODICAL," the monthly journal issued by Mr. Henry Frowde, reprints a bundle of strikingly divergent criticisms on Messrs. Fletcher and Kipling's "History of England." We give a selection:—

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"Daily News."—"It is a long time since we have read a book which combines so much impertinence with so much stupidity."

THAT every good American hopes to go to Paris when he dies is perhaps an exaggeration of the national sentiment, but there is no doubt that citizens of the United States have always felt the fascination of the French capital. A book called "Illustrious Americans in Paris," to be published by Mr. Lane, reminds one that many of the most famous Americans have lived for a time in Paris. Its author, Mr. J. J. Conway, has chapters on Franklin, Jefferson, Paul Jones, and others of the Revolution period, on Longfellow and Margaret Fuller, on Whistler and Saint-Gaudens, on Hawthorne, who delighted in the bookstalls that line the Seine, and on Robert Fulton, who started from the Place de la Concorde in the first steamboat. The tradition that Paris is a second home for American authors and artists has been kept up to our own day, witness Mr. Henry James and Mrs. Wharton.

IN the late Mr. J. A. Doyle's "Essays on Various Subjects," just published by Mr. Murray, there are two essays which suggest that the relations between literature and sport might well engage the attention of those who write books about books. One of them, "The Poetry of Sport" is a review of a volume in the "Badminton Library," and contains some interesting notes on how the theme was handled by the English poets, from Drayton to Kingsley and Lindsay Gordon. The other, on "Literature and the Turf," has a good story of Sir Francis Doyle. One of his lectures as Professor of Poetry at Oxford was on Sir Walter Scott, and Doyle remarked that, some time before, he had visited Doncaster, where he "had the honor of a conversation with Scott." After a pause, during which his hearers waited for some further details of the interview, he added: "Yes, with Scott—not the mere poet and novelist, but that far greater, that immortal man, the trainer of Matilda!"

A COLLECTION of rare tracts, broadsides, prints, letters, and other documents concerning the wanderings of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester has been made and edited by Mr. A. M. Broadley, and will be published by Messrs. Stanley Paul under the title of "The Royal Miracle." Among the contents are "The Royal Oak," by John Danver, "White Ladies; or His Sacred Majesty's Most Miraculous Preservation," and a letter from William Ellersdon, of Charmouth, to Clarendon, describing the adventures of Charles II.

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Reviews.

THE VILLAGE TRAGEDY.

"The Village Laborer, 1760-1832." By J. L. HAMMOND and BARBARA HAMMOND. (Longmans. 9s. net.)

DURING the last two generations, perhaps a dozen books have appeared dealing with the conditions of oppressed and neglected races and classes, the publication of which, owing to the wide extension of the habit of reading, has proved in each case to be an important historical event. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was such a book, Turgenev's "Sportsman's Sketches" was another, and the novel which first revealed to the Dutch in Europe the working of their Colonial system. Such, also, although to a less degree, was Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of His Natural Life."

One's first hope, after reading Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's book on "The Village Laborer, 1760-1832," is that it, too, may start a national movement of humiliation and amendment, which may ultimately reach even the classes who are now profiting in hard cash by the events which it describes. But one is checked by remembering that all the others were works of fiction, in which suffering was so arranged and dramatised as to hold, even against his will, the attention of a careless or untrained reader. "The Village Laborer" is a record of facts—facts many of which, owing to the opening of the Home Office papers at the Record Office, are now for the first time made known.

The story is, briefly, this: The "real wages" of agricultural labor in England fell constantly during the last quarter of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. This fact was due partly to the grossly unfair Enclosure Acts, which enriched the landowners, but took away from the laborer his rights of common; partly to a great, though irregular, rise in prices; partly to the action of the Poor Law, and especially the Law of Settlement, in preventing the mobility of labor. By 1795 it was generally admitted that current wages were insufficient for the maintenance of the laborer. There were two alternatives, either to raise wages, or to supplement the wages of practically all agricultural laborers out of the poor-rate. The last alternative was adopted, first by the Berkshire magistrates at Speenhamland in 1795, and then, as the fear of a French invasion increased, by the magistrates and overseers of most other counties except in the North. The Poor-Law Commissioners of 1834 reported: "It was apprehended by many at that time that either the wages of labor would rise to a height from which it would be difficult to reduce them when the cause for it had ceased, or that during the high prices the laborers might have had to endure privations to which it would be *unsafe* to expose them" (the italics are mine). There is other evidence that the "Speenhamland" policy was consciously adopted as a means of preventing a permanent rise of wages.

As the nineteenth century went on, the condition of the laborers thus forced to become paupers grew worse, especially when professional overseers were hired to keep the rates down by the deliberate infliction of cruelty and degradation; and the situation disclosed in the Poor Law Report of 1834 resulted. The laborers then attempted to raise wages, and to free themselves from the Poor Law. But to do so without making themselves liable to severe punishment by the landlord-magistrates was almost impossible. The early spirit of the movement is expressed in a pathetic letter from the laborers of Ringmer, drafted, perhaps, by a Methodist local preacher:—

"Having for a long time suffered the greatest privations and endured the most debasing treatment with the greatest resignation and forbearance. . . till worn out by hope deferred. . . we have taken this method of assembling ourselves in one general body for the purpose of making known our grievances, and in a peaceable, quiet, and orderly manner to ask redress; and we would rather appeal to the good sense of the magistracy, instead of inflaming the passions of our fellow-laborers, and ask those gentlemen who have done us the favor of meeting us this day whether 7d. a day is sufficient for a working man." (P. 252.)

But as the months went on, the wages movement led to tumultuous meetings, a certain amount of intimidation, the destruction of threshing-machines, and the burning of

ricks. Only one man, however, and he a rioter, lost his life, and no one on the side of authority was seriously wounded. The Whig Government replied by appointing, in the winter of 1830-31, Special Commissions to visit the counties of Hampshire, Dorset, Berks, and Bucks. These Commissions, whose records the writers have for the first time published, acted with a severity and an indifference to the rules of evidence which would have disgraced an inexperienced court-martial. Nine men and boys were hung, four hundred and fifty-seven were transported (hardly any of whom ever saw their families again), and about four hundred were imprisoned at home (p. 308). The work was well done, and since that winter the hope of a successful agitation has never touched more than a tiny fraction of the villagers.

In this history there are no blameless heroes or picturesque villains, no "love interest," or touching death-bed speeches. The evil is done by ordinary, rather stupid and selfish, English statesmen and judges and squires and parsons, who had to face a difficult social and economic problem in a rather stupid and selfish age. The evil is suffered by ordinary English laborers, by the little yeomen who were being crushed down into the ranks of the laborers, and by the village artisans who sympathised with them. They were mostly inarticulate men, lifted only into moments of heroism when they tried to express, sometimes in words that Tolstoy might have written, their sense of the inherent justice of their cause and their ever-disappointed conviction that all men of good will must understand them. There is no connected personal thread, such as that given to the Webbs' "History of Trade Unionism" by the life-long work of Owen, or Applegarth, or Odger. The leaders of the villages appear in the story only for an instant. They organise a petition or a collection, address a meeting, or destroy a threshing-machine. Then come long weeks in gaol, a few hours of dumb bewilderment in the dock while Mr. Justice Alderson addresses them on the great truths of political economy, and they are sent to the gallows or Botany Bay.

And yet I, at least, who spent part of my life in an English village, have read the book with an overmastering sense of dramatic force greater than any which a novel has ever given me. This is partly due to the skill by which Mr. and Mrs. Hammond have found in dull official papers, written by commonplace men, phrases and incidents which light up human motive and human feeling. It is due even more largely to the sheer intellectual interest of the problem which the writers present.

Mr. C. C. Lynam wrote the other day to complain of THE NATION's review of that "admirably written and most useful history" in which Mr. Kipling and Mr. Fletcher deal with this period. Mr. Lynam is known to be a man of open mind and genial sympathies, and I should like to make a personal appeal to him to read this book. Let him ignore, as he asks us to ignore, the opinions of the writers, and consider only the uncontradicted facts which they describe. Then let him try to work out this problem: From 1760 to 1830 the economic position of the English agricultural laborer, as measured either by real wages or by independence and comfort, was declining. If he had been a laborer, or a sympathiser with laborers, what would he have done to check this process? When he has worked out his problem, then I would implore him to write again to THE NATION. Messrs. Fletcher and Kipling say of these years, "Foolishly, but naturally, the poor used to blame the Government and the laws for their misery." Mr. Lynam is not foolish; he can look back coolly and see in the light of modern science all the factors of the problem which were hidden from those poor laborers. What would he have done, then, if he had had all his present knowledge? Would he have "blamed the Government" for such laws as the Enclosure Bill, which George Selwyn (p. 65 ff.) tried to pass through the House of Commons, and the thousands of others which were more successful? Would he have blamed the "Speenhamland Act of Parliament"? Above all, what would his own plan have been? These foolish poor laborers had a plan of their own. Since the farmers told them that they could pay no higher wages than seven shillings a week in a time of scarcity, because of the pressure of rent and tithe, the laborers of Owlesbury took round the following statement (p. 282) for the farmers to sign: "We, the undersigned, are willing to give 2s. a day for able-bodied married men and 9s. a week for single men, on consideration of our rents and tithes being abated in proportion." The man who wrote

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this petition was sentenced to seven years' transportation. Would Mr. Lynam have done what that man did, or something else, or nothing?

The question as to how Mr. Lynam's boys are taught to approach the social question in 1830 is, indeed, one of urgent present importance. We are now in a period of rising prices, due, we are told, to the depreciation of gold by the South African mines. All those who pay wages and are assessed to income-tax are gaining enormously by this fact; those who receive wages are losing. One might ask Mr. Fletcher himself what he would do now if he were an agricultural laborer. The events of 1760 to 1830 have left their mark on the villages. Those who "talk rough and bob-bish" (p. 301) have been weeded out, and their sons and grandsons have been born in America, or the Colonies, or the London slums. The men can now hardly raise their own wages by the simple process of taking round petitions to farmers. Mr. Fletcher, like Mr. Lynam, is neither poor nor foolish. Does he think that there are certain supernatural "laws of political economy" which will automatically raise wages to correspond with the rise in prices? Or does he not believe that wages will only rise when the "Government" passes "laws" to tax imported food? And does he not, being wise, daily "blame the Government" for refusing to do so?

I find, in fact, that the reading of this book, with its heart-searching reality and its under-tone of "*sera indignatio*," has made me angry. But I think I sin not in being angry, and I can only hope that as many of my fellow-countrymen as possible, whether they are, as Mr. Lynam and Sir W. S. Gilbert would say, born either "Little Liberals or Little Conservatives," will expose themselves to the same risk.

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So courage is the first thing we admire in Mr. Masefield's poem. The old Roman critic said it is hard to make the commonplace your own. Certainly, that has always been the artist's most difficult task, and it is that extreme difficulty which has driven so many of our writers and other artists away into the backwaters, creeks, side issues, and frothy lashers of paradox, disease, perversion, and magic figments, instead of keeping to the broad and central current of man's interest. In days and countries like ours, when thought grows a little precious in refinement, and action—in the old, broad sense of action—is almost obsolete among the reading classes, it needs a deal of courage to face that difficulty of the commonplace. It needs courage, especially in a poet, for a poet's audience is no longer large and common, unless he writes like Mr. Kipling or Mr. Sims. And, most of all, it needs courage in a poet of Mr. Masefield's peculiarly delicate nature, in which, for all his rude experience and knowledge of the Jack-Tar main, the danger lies in over-refinement—a certain softness of touch, a mental skin super-sensitive to the common and unclean.

First, we praise his courage for choosing and sticking to a theme so usual, so central, and of such wide and continuous interest as a reprobate's conversion. We are shown again how the drunkard, lecher, cheat, and thief may find salvation. Again, as in the daily event and recurrent miracle of sunrise, we see the beatific vision dawning over a black and entangled soul. It is only a story of conversion—just

an account of that perennial wonder which for ages past has transfigured life, and appears to reveal in man a kinship with something little lower than the angels, crowning him with sudden glory, and raising him to an incalculable height of honor, not only above the other beasts of this world, but above his ordinary and dishonored self, which is so much lower than they. It reminds us again, since we always need the reminder, that the really astonishing thing about every man is not his imbecile dulness, his far worse than bestial cruelty, his madhouse illusions, and the sins we expect of him, but just the occasional glimmer of something different, the radiance of an unearthly passion, or the mere sense of a goodness surprising as the stars.

From time to time we are shown that glimmer of something different in Saul Kane, the village blackguard, even before the event that converted him. Knowing he had lied to Bill about his poaching claim, he almost owns up and refuses the fight that led to all the rest. In the midst of the drunken debauch that followed the fight, he looks out upon the darkness, and strange thoughts of life and death begin to wander vaguely through his mind. The whole passage, following a glorious account of the crooked fight and the filthy revel, and describing the resolve to give smug respectability a dash of hell, contains, perhaps, the greatest lines in a poem written almost throughout in lines like repeated blows amid cries of shame and pity. It begins:—

"I opened windows wide and leaned
Out of that pigstye of the fiend,
And felt a cool wind go like grace
About the sleeping market-place.
The clock struck three, and softly, slowly,
The bells chimed Holy, Holy, Holy;
And in a second's pause there fell
The cold note of the chapel bell,
And then a cock crew, flapping wings,
And summat made me think of things."

He thought of time and the village past and his own dreary future of workhouse or prison. And then he thought:—

"I've not had all the world can give.
Death, by and by; but first I'll live.
The world owes me my time of times,
And that time's coming now, by crimes.
A madness took me then. I felt
I'd like to hit the world a belt.
I felt that I could fly through air,
A screaming star, with blazing hair."

His resolve is quick, and his method of playing the comet of judgment superb:—

"That's what I'll do," I shouted, loud,
I'll tell this sanctimonious crowd,
This town of window-peeping, prying,
Maligning, peering, hinting, lying
Male and female human blots,
Who would, but daren't be, whores and sots,
That they're so steeped in petty vice
That they're less excellent than lice,
That they're so soaked in petty virtue
That touching one of them will dirt you."

So the denunciation continues, and then—

"At that I tore my clothes in shreds,
And hurled them in the window leads;
I flung my boots through both the winders
And knocked the glass to little flinders;
The punch-bowl and the tumblers followed,
And then I seized the lamps and holloed,
And down the stairs, and tore back bolts,
As mad as twenty blooded colts;
And out into the street I pass,
As mad as two-year-olds at grass,
A naked madman, waving grand,
A blazing lamp in either hand.
I yelled like twenty drunken sailors,
'The devil's come among the tailors,'
A blaze of flame behind me streamed,
And then I clashed the lamps and screamed
'I'm Satan, newly come from hell,'
And then I spied the fire bell."

It is a shame to stop there, just on the edge of the magnificent description how the wild alarum roused the village:

"By all accounts, both men and wives
Had had the scare-up of their lives."

The whole is alive with movement, and charged with irony; but we have quoted enough to show that the ground was already prepared for the coming "grace." Bunyan made a different use of bells—a use hardly less sinful, he thought, because the ringing of church bells gave him so much

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earthly pleasure. But in its bedrock, this village wastrel's nature is much the same as Bunyan's. Both were full of strange visions, allegories, and symbols. To Saul, a mole is blinded Satan, a mist is error, a lane is the road to salvation, a gate is Jesus' way made plain. Both had glimmerings of righteousness even before the final conviction came. Saul is haunted, like Bunyan, by ghostly presentiments, by a feeling of coming change, "of something dark, foretold by God." Underneath the layers of blackguardism, he has somehow kept a relic of a child's heart, and now and then it peeps out, as when he comforts a little boy, left by his mother in the street, and tells him ever such a lovely story about cats:—

"I told a tale, to Jim's delight,
Of where the tom-cats go by night,
And how, when moonlight came, they went
Among the chimneys, black and bent,
From roof to roof, from house to house,
With little baskets full of mouse
All red and white, both joint and chop,
Like meat out of a butcher's shop."

The signs of coming grace are seen again in his shame, not so much at the mother's curses on himself for staining her boy by speaking to him, as at the woman's story of her own wretched labor for her children, and her failure in the end. Perhaps they are seen in his record of the parson's argued defence of himself and present society. But when the final moment comes, it is neither curses, nor pity, nor argument that convert or convict him. It is the decisive action and the quiet, unarguable statement of a grey Quaker woman who used to come round the pubs at night. Saul greeted her:—

"So when she came, so prim and grey,
I pound the bar and sing, 'Hooray,
Here's Quaker come to bless and kiss us.
Come, have a gin and bitters, misus.
Or may be Quaker girls so prim
Would rather start a bloody hymn.
Now, Dick, oblige. A hymn, you swine,
Pipe up the "Officer of the Line."
A song to make one's belly ache,
Or "Nell and Roger at the Wake."'"

The Quakeress took his cup, and emptied it among the fag-ends, spit, and saw-dust on the floor. Then she said the ten great lines that made the difference to Saul.

A reprobate and stubborn core hides in man's breast. The depraved Old Adam has a liking for tales of evil rather than of holiness. At a Salvation Army meeting, when the converted burglar narrates his experiences, it is the carnal period of the history that most delights his audience and himself. They may all give thanks and sing praises, but, in spite of themselves, the interest somehow flags when the calm of spiritual blessedness succeeds to the scarlet outbreaks and abominations of sin. That human depravity, choosing rather the wild than the holy for its interest, has been, we think, the poet's trouble. It is long since a poem has equalled this for fearlessness, breadth, and a certain lavish splendor of expression. If it fails at all, it is here only at the end. We think the poet might have done better to have closed with the lines on page 77:—

"And in my heart the drink unpriced,
The burning cataracts of Christ."

Or he might have stopped the dramatic recitation there, and added the other twelve pages in his own person. In reality, we think, they are spoken in his own person. They are beautiful; no one but this poet would have written them; they have a right purpose, ending the poem on a long-drawn note of spiritual peace and future hopefulness in the clean and common labor of the world. But they seem to us to cut the dramatic thread, so finely preserved up to that point. We know well what startling surprises and revelations the talk of uncultivated and country people often brings, how they penetrate to unsuspected truths with a freshness and assurance beyond the reach of the wise and prudent. But still, in these last pages, we seem to hear, not the voice of the converted villager, but the voice of a poet, whose danger, as we said, lies in over-refinement and a certain softness of touch, but who, for all that, has here produced a poem of singular strength, vitality, and courage.

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"Recollections of a Long Life." By LORD BROUGHTON (John Cam Hobhouse). With additional extracts from his Private Diaries. Edited by his daughter, LADY DORCHESTER. Vols. V. and VI. (Murray. 24s. net.)

THESE two volumes bring us to the end of Hobhouse's recollections, though not to the end of his life. He would, indeed, have been very much hurt if anybody regarded his acceptance of a peerage in 1852 as the end of his career. It was perhaps inevitable that his contemporaries inclined so to regard it. The peerage came about in this way: In 1851 Lord John Russell wrote to say that he was anxious to strengthen his Government, and that for this purpose he proposed to ask "a certain distinguished statesman to accept" Hobhouse's office—the Presidency of the India Board. Hobhouse was to be consoled with a peerage and to remain in the Cabinet. The arrangement fell through at the time, because the distinguished statesman refused the bait, but it was revived later. Hobhouse became Lord Broughton, but declined to remain in the Cabinet with nothing to do. He was, however, rather vexed when Lord Lyndhurst complimented him on the peerage as a very honorable termination of his career. "It may be something like the *commencement de la fin* but not quite the end, I hope." He lived another seventeen years, and this book concludes with the epitaph written for his tomb at Kensal Green by Disraeli. There is certainly more enthusiasm in Disraeli's epitaph on Hobhouse than we find in Hobhouse's references to Disraeli; but that is not surprising.

As a study in character, this book, like its predecessors, is interesting but melancholy reading. Hobhouse remained to the end the same morbidly self-centred, unhappy, discontented man that we met in the first volumes. He is always thinking about his failures, his shyness, his grievances, and he writes with an ingenuous frankness that makes all his readers feel real sorrow and pity for the trifles that vex him. There must be very few men who would put down in a diary this brief and damping conversation with Lord John Russell. "He seldom compliments anybody, and the other day, when I was talking of Canning as President of the India Board, and added, 'but Canning was a different man,' he said, 'He was.'" Most people would try to forget that cold douche. If that was impossible, they would prefer, at any rate, that others should not hear of it. Few of us would confess a genuine pleasure because the young Queen laughed very heartily at a very poor joke, or close their diary with this entry: "I was invested with the Order of the Bath at Buckingham Palace. H.M. smiled when she gave me her hand to kiss for the third time in the ceremony; a very unusual honor, as I was told." The amount of gnawing doubt and chagrin that is concealed behind a life outwardly successful and enjoyable (for, after all, most people would think that a place in the Cabinet was enough of a prize for any but a man of the most commanding abilities) is revealed in these pages in such reflections as this: "It is not once a year that I hear any allusion made to anything I ever wrote, although I hear a good many inferior compositions talked about a good deal." Towards the end of his career, he analysed his manners, and found they were little changed as the result of all his experience and practice of society. "I cannot get rid of my shyness at entering or going away from a room full or half full of company; and any man, and much more woman, can disconcert me at once by a cold or equivocal look just as much as when I was twenty. In fact, I have neither the air nor the spirit of society, for I want that self-confidence, without which complete social tact is unattainable. This deficiency makes a man almost always either too reserved or too familiar, either too silent or too talkative, and generally both in the course of the same evening. At least, it makes me so; and neither experience nor good resolution will ever cure me." This was written in 1845 by a Cabinet Minister nearly sixty years old, who was dining at one fashionable house or another almost every night of his life.

Hobhouse's Radicalism, as we learnt from a previous volume, very soon wore off when he was in office, and in these two volumes he is frankly opposed to further reform. He has not travelled, of course, as far from his ancient moorings as his old friend Burdett, who is now a Tory. But he is against the Ballot on the ground that the Ballot

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THE BODLEY HEAD VIGO STREET, W.

plus the very moderate Reform of 1832 would make England too democratic, and that Reformers should have been content with one or other of these concessions. When he reasoned with himself about his peerage, his chief argument for accepting was that he could only remain in politics by going to the House of Lords. "I cannot stand for a county—I am a Free Trader; I could not be a candidate for a large town constituency—I am not a Radical; nor for a small constituency, for I will not repeat my Nottingham delinquencies." He was very much put out because Lord John Russell wanted to take up Parliamentary Reform, in 1851; thought there was no case at all for it, and that it would be unsettling, and lead to lamentable results. In fact, so early as 1834 he was very much displeased because he was reported in the papers as agreeing with Lord Durham in thinking that further reform was necessary. Hobhouse, who had become famous as a Radical, and contested Westminster as a Radical in 1819, had soon been passed by Lord John Russell, who would have been very much scandalised if anybody had regarded him as anything but an orthodox Whig. Mr. Graham Wallas told the writer of this notice that he found among the "Place" papers some lines addressed by the Westminster Radicals to Hobhouse after his defection. It will be remembered that Burdett was known as "Old Glory."

"When first you came courting, John Cam—
When first you came courting, John Cam,
You came with Old Glory,
Who hated a Tory
As much as a Hebrew hates ham—
As much as a Hebrew hates ham."

These volumes contain many interesting descriptions of persons and affairs. Hobhouse was not a profound observer, and he never seems to have seen very far into the world which he was helping to govern, but gives us some entertaining sidelights on the events and the politicians of his day. He had a very unfavorable opinion of Lord Grey, whom he described as "an extraordinary instance of what may be done by a talent for public speaking, independent of any other intellectual quality of a high order." He does not appear to have seen Grey often in these last years of Grey's life (Grey died in 1845, over eighty years old); but whenever they met, Grey was in a bad temper. In this respect, these pages give a very different impression from "Creevey's Diary." Hobhouse always represents him as solemn and sulky, not speaking to anyone, dissatisfied with everybody and everything.

With Peel his relations were not unfriendly, and he was prevented on one occasion from speaking his mind about him by Peel's unexpected cordiality at a chance meeting in the Park. He makes this reflection on a party at the Duke of Wellington's. "Peel was there, looking rather grim. I could not help thinking that, after all, Duke and H.R.H., everybody and everything, were for the moment under him—he is master, the son of a cotton-spinner." There is a curious remark about Peel's predictions of distress in 1846: "The Duke (Bedford) showed me a letter from the Duke of Rutland, who tells him that he is waiting to see what Peel's measures will be, but that, as to the state of the country, Peel has not a peg to hang his charges on. Indeed, everyone here—Lord Bessborough, Clarendon, &c.—says that there is no appearance of distress, or likelihood of it, either in England or Ireland; so much so, that the rumor now is that there will be little or no change in the Corn Laws; but that seems impossible after Peel's resignation and his engagement to support Lord John to a specific extent in his repeal of those laws." A few days later, Hobhouse met Brougham at Palmerston's (to his great surprise), and Brougham told him that Peel had said, a day or two before, that those who were now most opposed to him would soon be convinced of the frightful distress which would press upon the people, especially in Ireland. This was the year before the great potato famine! He gives also a very interesting conversation with Lord Douro about his father, the Duke of Wellington: "He said it was not very easy for him to be a public man with such a father, who, although he had no prejudice against persons, had the strongest attachment to old systems, and thought everything new must be bad. Lord Douro said the Duke thought the barrack the perfection of all human dwelling-places,

and the discipline of a soldier the *beau idéal* of human institutions." . . . "Lord Douro is a singular man, Liberal in his politics in some respects, but evidently more attached to Tory Radicalism than to Whig liberality. He thinks that a movement from the lower working-classes is inevitable, and to be prevented only by some decided legislation in their favor. He would alter the Poor Laws, and provide for the poor by taxation." "What a shame it is," he said, "that I, who pay a hundred pounds a year to the income tax, should only pay ten pounds a year to the Poor Rates." Far the most pleasing impressions in the book are those of the young Queen, to whom Hobhouse entirely lost his shy and unattractive heart. Everything that she does interests and delights him, though he permits himself one slight criticism on what he thought an excessive indulgence of her enthusiasm for performing lions. He gives a charming picture of her manners and graces, and the devotion inspiring all who had dealings with her. England had forgotten what it was to have a Sovereign whom anybody could regard with anything like rapture, and the ardor of her subjects provoked a rebuke from the "Times." Nobody was more enthusiastic than the cold, diffident, and introspective Hobhouse, and it is pleasant to take leave of him cherishing the thought of the special favors she showed him in the act of bestowing the Order of the Bath.

TITTERS ABOUT SHELLEY.

"The Romantic Life of Shelley." By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (Nash. 15s. net.)

"I AM convinced," said Shelley to his friend Hogg, "that there can be no entire regeneration of mankind until laughter is put down."

There have been moments for most of us in which we have felt inclined to agree with him; but these are, in general, unpleasing to recall. With calmer judgment, we too often can perceive, as Shelley may have perceived, that the laughers had some right on their side. None of us, however, need feel that of the moments in which not laughers, but gigglers and whisperers, were what we endured; for the gigglers and whisperers are always and for ever wrong. If it had been possible for Shelley's mind to consider such a thing as giggling, how would he have felt about its part in the regeneration of mankind? or about some such prolonged specimen of it as, for example, this latest book on his "romantic" life? Imagination faints before the effort to realise his fury—that fury which "made his eyes flash like a tiger's, his cheeks grow pale as death, his limbs quiver"—if he could have turned the pages of such a volume, knowing that it dealt with any aspect of his life, romantic or otherwise. True, this book is but one of a numerous class; yet it has set us to some puzzled cogitation. The purpose, we are told in the preface, of "chatter about Harriet" is "to enable, first, the writer, and then the reader, to 'see Shelley plain.'" "Any man who chooses," our author goes on to reflect, "may say, of course, that he does not want to see Shelley plain; and that, equally of course, is final." Is it final, too, if a man says that he does not want to see Shelley vulgarised? That he does not want to see how like Shelley could seem to "a country gentleman . . . who was rather fond of running up to town, and enjoying himself in good company when he got there"? That he does not want to see how, like the first schoolboy, Shelley could be captured by "a licensed victualler's family," and made to marry a "barmaid"?

It would be amusing, if it were not very grievous, to count the number of pages in which Harriet Westbrook, who never was behind a bar in her life, is referred to as a "barmaid," or a "barmaidenly maiden" (choice flower of vivacity), or as being "*genre* barmaid," before which latter phrase, comment altogether fails us. "Chatter about Harriet" is, indeed, wearying enough; snobbery about Harriet is something worse than wearying. Her odd, naïve phraseology, copied very touchingly—and made amusing by the copying—from her husband's, is insufficient, for Mr. Gribble, to characterise her, though it is

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sufficient for everyone else. No; "one feels sure that she must have used" such-and-such a word. "Stuck-up" and "stand-offish" are the epithets which Harriet would probably have applied to the Groves, if she had spoken in her vernacular. There is absolutely nothing to lead us to suppose this. The truth is that those are the things which Mr. Gribble believes it is "vivacious" to say; nor are they worse, but rather better, than many with which he indulges himself in his own person. The vulgarity of his treatment of the whole Harriet period is almost incredible, especially (and very dreadfully) in Chapter XII, dealing with Shelley's suspicion of Hogg where there are some imaginary speeches that must, we imagine, touch bottom.

Slang ranks high in all circles (Mr. Gribble is an expert in circles) among the ends to vivacity; and accordingly we find, on three successive pages (69, 70, 71), "pulling their legs," "got at," "get a rise out of," "the off-chance." On page 83, when Timothy Shelley meets the youths in London, after their expulsion from Oxford, he "invites both theologists to dine with him at his hotel, 'doing them well'"; and on page 85, finds that his son can (intellectually) "dance round him." Mr. Shelley had offered "excerpts from Paley" in argument; they had proved futile, "but" (and our intelligence fairly reels before the sudden aptness) "*la plus belle fille du monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a*"!

As if to convince us of his complete *bonhomie*, the commonness of style which marks the treatment of the barmaid and the licensed victualler and the sister "fifteen years nearer to the bar" (because she was fifteen years older) ceases with the disappearance of the Westbrooks from Mr. Gribble's pages. He was infected, no doubt (as he thinks that Hogg was), by the company of the "genre barmaid." But his ineptitudes of comparison and juxtaposition (as in the instance of Mr. Shelley and Paley and the French phrase) persist from beginning to end. He is capable of telling us that a Shelley ancestor went to America and "married a widow with the appropriate name of Plum"; he reflects, on Shelley's view of flogging—"the pain was nothing to the degradation"—that "this is just the view that grown men might be relied on to express if it were proposed so to punish them for exceeding the speed-limit in their motors." In treating Shelley's early penny-dreadfuls, he can recall, and remind us of, the existence of Messrs. Heath Hosken and Le Queux; he propounds (with exquisite amenity, it is true) the staggeringly novel doctrine that "clergymen have no better title than, say, solicitors or stockbrokers, or dustmen or district-visitors, to define the limits within which the human intelligence shall 'energies'"; and points out the no less startling "particular truth" that Shelley's questionings "were due to the natural activity of his mind." The Rev. R. J. Campbell; Mr. Charles Garvice's heroines, as being "somewhat (though not entirely)" like Harriet Westbrook; Messrs. Torrey and Alexander, whom it demands a strenuous mental effort to recall; Sir Edward Carson; and, finally, two pages in execrable taste, referring to Mr. St. Loe Strachey—these are the irresistible attractions with which, like Mr. Charles Frohman (as he might say), Mr. Gribble "presents" the no doubt otherwise unreadable story of Shelley's Romantic Life.

There are fewer inaccuracies in this book than in that by the same author on "The Love Affairs of Byron"; but he gives us a *précis* of Matthew Arnold's essay on Shelley, which we can only surmise to be the result of very hasty reading. That is kinder than the alternative of setting it down as an effect of the vivacity to which Mr. Gribble sometimes seems willing to sacrifice anything in Heaven or earth. "The fastidious Matthew Arnold," he says, "has written of him as of some obnoxious insect picked up reluctantly with a pair of tongs." Matthew Arnold must assuredly be the first and last of mortals to write of an obnoxious insect as "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

It is impossible to think without irritation of a fine subject so debased. Mr. Gribble will hardly be accused, "with solemnity" (as he anticipates in his preface), "of indulging in 'chatter about Harriet.'" He will be accused, with vexation, of indulging in flippancy about most circumstances and creatures treated by him in these pages.

THREE NOVELS.

"Ethan Frome." By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)
 "The Honest Tresspass." By CONSTANCE COTTERELL. (Nash. 6s.)
 "Adrian Savage." By LUCAS MALET. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A YEAR or so ago, an ingenious writer constructed a clever defence to the charge of hostility to art often brought against the Puritans. He was able to show that many works of good art were executed under Puritanic influence, and that many of the great Puritans, such as Cromwell, were devoted admirers of various arts. None the less, it remains true that in those communities where Puritanical influence and tradition are strongest, both the love of beauty and artistic production are still looked upon with a certain degree of suspicion. The three novels on our list all seem to owe most of their character and their artistic defects to an inherent bias of mind which derives from those instincts, rightly or wrongly, associated with the Puritanic strain in Anglo-Saxondom. All three novels more or less exemplify the reaction of the modern mind against the cramping ethical restrictions imposed on sexual relationships two generations ago; but the artistic defects of all three books testify to the truth of the saying—"what is bred in the bone will out in the flesh." They all bear evidence of the pressure of stringent ideas or of moral idealism, scarcely yet relaxed.

Let us take Mrs. Wharton's case first. She is far the best artist of the three, and, so far as craftsmanship goes in "Ethan Frome," she has little to learn from the Continental masters. Her drawing of the winter atmosphere of Starkfield, the stern Massachusetts hill village, and of the solitary, poverty-stricken existence of the little community of farming folk, from which all the more enterprising and vigorous spirits have escaped to the great world beyond, is masterly in its force and directness. The figure of Ethan Frome, too, the stricken giant, crippled by the terrible tragedy in his life, twenty years back, is admirably touched in. But, as the tale progresses—told us in retrospective by the educated narrator, who is wintering in Starkfield—we begin to wonder why the ill-starred pair of lovers, Ethan Frome and Mattie Silver, are painted as unnaturally perfect. Why, at the close, is unendurable tragedy heaped upon the lovers' heads, and their sufferings painted in lines of cimmerian gloom, if it be not to wrest sympathy for them from a community which is hostile to the very subject of illegitimate love passion? We are driven to conclude that Mrs. Wharton has deliberately loaded the moral dice in an attempt to outwit the Puritanical censure of her audience. The situation is simplicity itself. Ethan Frome, when a young man, has married a woman, Zeena, many years his senior, whose only interest in life is watching the symptoms of her own illness. She is so wrapped up in the morbid pathology of her case, and in the nostrums of quacks and patent medicine vendors, that she sends for her young cousin, the sweet-tempered Mattie Silver, to come and run the house for her. Mattie and Ethan fall in love, and the artistic balance of the story should lie in a frank analysis of the lovers' impulses, and of Ethan's deep antipathy to his intensely egoistic and unsympathetic wife. Mrs. Wharton, however, while depicting Mattie's and Ethan's conduct in the blameless hues of *couleur de rose*, skilfully accentuates Zeena's odiousness till she seems scarcely human. The crisis arrives, however, when Zeena, becoming jealous of the innocent Mattie, packs her off the premises, at a day's notice, on the pretext that she has arranged for a hired girl to come and nurse her and take Mattie's place. The part of silent acquiescence that Ethan plays at this juncture is highly unnatural, even in an American husband; but still more improbable is his share in the terrible tragedy that follows. Mattie, who has nowhere to go to, at the last moment breaks down, and persuades Ethan to commit suicide with her by guiding the sled (in which they are coasting) into the big elm at the bottom of the hill. No man in his senses would have let the girl run the risk of so uncertain a death or the chance of permanent mutilation; and in fact, Mattie is permanently injured in the spine, and Ethan is crippled in neck and shoulders for life. The sequel, in which Zeena shakes off her egoism and devotes herself to the querulous invalid, Mattie, whose beautiful nature is permanently warped by her sufferings, seems to be a conces-

A GREAT WORK.

Of the great amount of good which is accomplished by the many Hospitals and other Charitable Institutions in the United Kingdom, that performed by the London Lock Hospital and Rescue Home at 283, Harrow Road, W., takes a very prominent place. Unfortunately, however, the Lock Hospital is unattractive to the public, because its character and work is not pleasant to talk about or to advertise. The authorities, therefore, are consequently hampered in making known the needs of the Institution, lest the unpalatable truths should accidentally become known to the young and innocent. The needs, therefore, are frequently overlooked, and yet the fact remains that to carry on the good work of the Hospital and Rescue Home, over £10,000 a year is required.

Many well-known public men and women have realised the great delicacy of the work which is performed, and have testified to the splendid way it is done. The late Lord Randolph Churchill, in almost his last public utterance, said:—

"The management of the Hospital have to fight against greater difficulties than, I think, any institution has to contend with, and they are deserving of more public recognition than they have hitherto received."

And the Bishop of London, preaching in the Chapel, said:—

"It is because an Institution like this, for more than 150 years, has worked on in London in the teeth of apathy, in the teeth of opposition, in the Spirit of Jesus Christ, that we are assembled to say that this great Institution shall continue its Christ-like work, if we can see to it and if we can help it."

The London Lock Hospital and Rescue Home is the only Institution of its kind in Great Britain. It is, therefore, unique in its organisation, for it combines the remedial work of a Hospital with that of a Rescue Home. It has for its objects the relieving of the bodily suffering and, as far as possible, the reclamation of young girls who have fallen by the way. It also cares for women and children who, through no fault of their own, have either contracted or inherited kindred diseases.

The Home, although separately organised, is connected with and adjoins the Hospital, and a large proportion of the young women and girls who have been successfully treated in the Hospital enter the Home. In the Home provision is made to teach everything necessary to prepare them for domestic service, and at the same time every endeavor is made to build up their characters, so that when they leave they are better equipped to face the world, and to successfully fight its many battles.

The Hospital was founded in Grosvenor Place in 1746, and the Rescue Home in 1787. Both establishments have well stood the test of time; but as long as human nature continues to be what it is, there will, unfortunately, be ample work to be done and urgent need for assistance.

The Lock Hospital deals only with those cases that come to it, and that alone is more than sufficient for the restricted means at its disposal. No urgent cases, however, are ever refused.

It has been well said "a fence at the top is better than an ambulance at the bottom." There are many agencies that influence for good the young womanhood of our land; but, notwithstanding all their good efforts, the hard fact still remains that the "ambulance at the bottom" is kept going. It is often the case that the young women who enter the Lock Hospital and Rescue Home understand for the first time—by coming under the kindly influence of the Matron and the Nurses—what kind words and sympathy mean. It is gratifying, therefore, to record that about seventy-five per cent. do well when they at length leave the Institution. This fact alone testifies to the good work performed by the "ambulance at the bottom."

The part of the Institution which undoubtedly appeals with special force to the philanthropic public is the children's ward. This is, as indeed it should be, the brightest spot in the Hospital. The suffering of innocent children, because of the sins of parents, is inscrutable, but terribly true! Every possible comfort that human aid can devise is present—a spacious ward, with plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and a kind Sister and Nurses to help alleviate the suffering of the little ones.

The physical aspect, from the point of view of the health of the community, is a matter of national importance. Over 33,000 patients were treated at the Lock Hospital last year. The inference is obvious.

As we have already said, £10,000 a year is required to carry on the great work of the London Lock Hospital and Rescue Home. The Governors are very grateful for the donations that are already given for the various objects of the Institution, but, unfortunately, during the past five years, the Subscription List has considerably decreased. Many old subscribers have died, and new subscribers have only partly replaced them. It is most desirable (if the present good and efficient work is to continue) that the subscription list—at present only just over £1,000 per year—should be raised to £2,000 a year. We therefore make a strong appeal to philanthropic readers to lend a helping hand in this great work of rescuing the fallen. We ask that they will look at the work of the Hospital in its preventive aspect, and realise the efficient work which Medical Science is doing for the community by keeping in check a contagious disease. We trust that the Governors will be helped in their good work by receiving generous contributions. Subscriptions and donations may be sent to the Treasurers: Lord Kinnaid, 1, Pall Mall East, S.W., and Mr. J. F. W. Deacon, 20, Birchin Lane, E.C.; or to the Secretary—who will be pleased to give full particulars of the work done—at the Hospital, 283, Harrow Road, W.

sion to American idealism in its unadulterated form. It is only by her accomplished artistic workmanship that Mrs. Wharton succeeds in rendering plausible most of the scenes and conversations in her Puritanic tale.

Miss Cotterell, who may be remembered for some distinctly clever work in "Love is Not so Light," exhibits in "An Honest Trespass" what may be termed the secondary characteristics of an inherent idealism. To administer first the jam of praise which she undoubtedly deserves, we may say that her novel possesses charm, grace, and distinction. Her touch, even when she fails to convince us, is dexterous, and her book is well-planned and well-written. Further, it must be added that she manifests a degree of sympathy for all the types of men and women that she presents to us. There is the grace of a catholic humor in the scenes of the hop-pickers' encampment round Weaver's House, and the feminine subtlety in both the insight and human observation of the tale is certainly distinctive. None the less, the idealism of the story is so pronounced as to bring Miss Cotterell, at times, under the accusation of double dealing. The reader's main difficulty is with the character of the heroine, Lesbia, with the analysis of whose motives and emotions the major portion of the novel is concerned. Lesbia never becomes objective in the picture. A golden mist, from the beginning, blurs her outline, and veils from us the exact nature of her limitations, her faults, failings, and deficiencies. Lesbia, in fact, is too perfect, too spiritual, too indefinitely lovely in her moral being, to appear a substantial creation. And this is a fault characteristic of the idealist, who is wont to subtract the more solid, earthy strands from a favorite character, and present us with the finer, radiant particles as the whole. The story deals with Lesbia's intimate relations with the three men characters, Colonel Mallard, Raby, and Major Cray, to whom, in turns, she is united in wedlock or loving union. First, Raby, the charming egoist, woos her as a girl; next, Colonel Mallard appears out of the void, and marries her, after a perfunctory three weeks' courtship. And here we may remark that the spiritual picture becomes very blurred. We are invited to believe that Lesbia is filled with a deep, utterly trusting, and entirely satisfying love for a man, much her senior, a selfish and *blasé* man of the world, who studies her needs and nature not at all, and can scarcely conceal his boredom. But why should she love him in this heaven-sent fashion? It is her nature to do so, the author will reply. But again we must rejoin that all the everyday needs and necessities, not to speak of the frailties, of human nature are ruled out of the picture, and that a young girl is not a saint. Miss Cotterell, in fact, throughout her novel, has fallen into the mistake of painting her heroine in tones of a pearly purity, and her accessory figures in ordinary drab. Colonel Mallard's figure is etched in more satisfying outline than those of the other two men, and the scene of his maniacal outbreak, when he struggles to kill his young wife, is powerful in its realism.

When Colonel Maillard is safely consigned to a lunatic asylum for the rest of his life, Raby is brought into the foreground, and we now find ourselves concerned with the struggle in Lesbia's heart between her old love and her growing passion for the ardent and irresistible Raby. Of course, the latter wins. Much of the analysis is, no doubt, true to the temperament of this idealistic type of woman, but again (p. 204) the trouble is that Lesbia is only presented to us in pieces. The author has, apparently, identified her point of view to such an extent with her heroine, that she in no wise criticises her, but sets her emotions to the solemn music of a Credo. On the other hand, Raby, in his masculine, self-centred egoism, has the appearance of a one-eyed figure. That Raby should suddenly cool, when he has once slaked his passion, and then treat Lesbia with indifference, neglect, and infidelity was, perhaps, natural when Lesbia had showed herself so incapable of grasping his true character. The author appears to contend that this blind-eyed infatuation on Lesbia's part argues in her a spiritual strength; but to this we must demur. It is the mark of the idealist to place a wrong valuation on human motives and then to be shocked into cold repulsion when the truth is disclosed to him. Thus it happens with Lesbia. She becomes odiously inhuman at the critical hour, and does not lift a hand to snatch Raby from a violent death when the cliff gives way

under his feet. The callous inhumanity of this spiritual woman is, indeed, shocking:—

"The balance was lost. He toppled, dropped, but caught at the rotten edge with his hands. She met his awful eyes, not because she wished but because she must. Not one more word. There was nothing beating in her: where her heart had been there was a stone. As he snatched, the dried earth crumbled in powder in his grasp, and he was gone. . . Not her judgment. God's judgment."

Really! Is there not the terrible moral self-complacency of the righteous person peering at us from this passage?

Lucas Malet's case in "Adrian Savage" might, on the other hand, be defined as a case of inverted Puritanism, of that reaction against the Victorian rigid standard of conduct and outlook which darkened the horizon of so many of our grandparents. There is considerable truth and no little vigor shown in the grim picture of the distorted ideals of the Smyrthwaites, a family typically English in its moral heaviness, utilitarian outlook, rigid and loveless ethics, and comfortable Pharisaism. Perhaps the cleverest thing in the book is the remorseless portraiture of the anemic, charmless, over-intellectual and emotionally-starved girl, Joanna Smyrthwaite, whose "Locked Diary" traces for us the revolt of human nature against a joyless and arid Protestantism. Joanna's brother, Bibby, a weakling who goes to the bad under the pressure of parental severity, represents the decadence of a generation bankrupt in driving power, while the worldly-minded and materialistic Margaret stands for the excess of those animal qualities against which Puritanism had reason to struggle. Lucas Malet is at her best in passages as powerfully unpleasant as the painful Chapter II. of Book V., "Recording a Sisterly Effort to Let in Light." When we turn, however, to the portions of the story cast in Paris, in which French grace, mental poise, and lucidity of spirit point the moral to our English heaviness, hypocrisy, and soulless respectability, the ground seems to give way beneath our feet. The fact is that the author, whatever be her knowledge, seems to be observing her Parisians through English plate-glass. Her beautiful, tender, and exquisitely perfect Madame St. Leger it is possible to accept, for she is only drawn in externally; but the society in which the St. Legers move, and figures, such as the painter, René Dax, remind us of those objects of French manufacture which are turned out confessedly for the special needs of the Englishman abroad. The spiritual atmosphere, to say the least, is extraordinarily adulterated with the robustuous animality of the invading Anglo-Saxon. This effect is no doubt largely contributed to by the prolix and sententious style in which Lucas Malet has elected to interpret to us the lightness, wit, and fineness of the French mind. Nor do the melodramatic incidents that punctuate her narrative, such as the impossible murder of Bibby Smyrthwaite by Mr. Challoner, assist the illusion. Further, the author has elected to preach her gospel of Latinism through the lips of her strange crew of Britishers, an artlessly naive proceeding of which few French novelists would be guilty. To conclude, her central figure, the debonair and altogether charming Adrian Savage, is an unreal figure, a symbol, perhaps, of her failure to reconcile the beefy virtues of British Protestantism with the finer instinct of French civilisation, in a hybridised hero. If "Adrian Savage" marks a reaction against Puritanic severity and unloveliness of outlook, it is perhaps more successful than the author imagines in matching the "outrageous frankness" of French *gauloiserie* with the suggestive coarseness of John Bull, whenever matters of sexual license are touched upon

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Society Sketches in the Eighteenth Century." By NORMAN PEARSON. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.

MR. PEARSON'S eleven essays on eighteenth-century life are good examples of a form of literature which is, as a rule, better done by French than by English writers. Nine of them have appeared in the monthly reviews, and are now re-issued in an expanded form, while two, "A Great Pro-Consul" and "A Lady Wit," are here printed for the first time. "A Great Pro-Consul" deals with Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, the grandfather of Chatham, and the purchaser of the famous Pitt diamond. Mr. Pearson judges

THE PREVALENCE OF SORE THROAT.

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THROUGHOUT the autumn and winter, sore throat is always more or less prevalent. The damp and cold lower our vitality, thus rendering us more liable to be attacked by the germs which cause the disease; for all forms of sore throat are due to germs.

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Thomas Pitt leniently. A man of unbounded ambition, who resented anything in the way of opposition to his own will as "morally malignant," he made a great fortune by methods which were, at any rate, dubious enough to make Pope's scathing couplet about him appear credible. On the other hand, he was a successful administrator, and he could boast with some justice that he had made Madras "the jewel of all European settlements." The essay has some amusing side-lights on the patriarchal character of Pitt's administration. The servants of the company were punished for such offences as the omission of prayer, absence from Divine service, and coming in late at night, and a case is recorded of a man being forbidden to live with his wife until he could produce a marriage certificate. One of the best of the other essays is entitled "The Serious Side of a Worldly Man," and does justice to a side of Horace Walpole that is often ignored. Mr. Pearson is hardly too strong when he speaks of Macaulay's "envenomed prejudice" against Walpole, and he has no difficulty in proving that Walpole was a man of real kindness of heart, who was always ready to sacrifice himself to his friends. Though he sympathised with the Americans, he hated slavery as much as he hated war, and his fondness for animals was a marked trait in his character. He had a reverence for the deeper elements of religion, though he hated superstition and sectarianism. Even that pillar of orthodoxy, Hannah More, admitted that "she never heard a sentence from him which savored of infidelity." Mr. Pearson's essays are written in a lively style, and give proof of close study of the period he has chosen.

"The Letters of Peter Lombard (Canon Benham.)" Edited by ELLEN DUDLEY BAXTER. With a Preface by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume consists, together with a few lines of preface by the Archbishop of Canterbury and a short memoir of Canon Benham by his daughter, Mrs. Baxter, of a selection from the articles which, for over twenty years, appeared in the "Church Times" over the signature, Peter Lombard. They deal for the most part with the by-paths of English Church history and matters of antiquarian interest, though some were inspired by a visit to Jerusalem, made in 1892. Full of vivacity and a gift for getting on familiar terms with the reader, these letters are representative of Canon Benham's cheerful personality, and are more likely to keep his memory alive than would one of those ponderous biographies that are nowadays fashionable.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, November 3.	Price Friday morning, November 10.
Consols	79½	78½
Midland Deferred	71½	69½
Canadian Pacific	245	248½
Russian Fours	95½	95½
Union Pacific	171½	175½
De Beers (Deferred)	18	17½

THE satisfactory settlement of the Morocco trouble gave general relief, but its influence had already been discounted in the Stock Markets, and there is still plenty of ground for anxiety and caution, owing to the wars in Tripoli and in China. At home there have been two political sensations this week, Mr. Balfour's resignation and Mr. Asquith's announcement of a Manhood Suffrage Bill; but there has been nothing to cause much of either optimism or pessimism in the City. Consols have fallen back, possibly because people do not believe the report that Mr. Lloyd George is about to adopt some plan for the improvement of National Credit. The City, in fact, regards the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as spending his time in devising projects of large expenditure and inventing penal taxes on wealth. Banking conditions are also unsatisfactory owing to failures in the Levant. And there has been another run on a bank—this time a Penny Bank. Early in the week there was also a relapse in home railways, owing to renewed fears of the strike which might result from the

ballot. The talk of a combined railway and mining strike in Christmas week is not credited; but some people think that the miners are in a more dangerous mood than the railwaymen, especially now that the companies are doing exactly what their critics wished them to do—i.e., raising the wages of the worst-paid and improving conditions for the drivers of locomotives. The publication, however, of October's foreign trade returns revived the spirits of the Home Railway Market. The Bank Return is weaker, but French monetary conditions are now improving.

OCTOBER TRADE RETURNS.

The exports for October show an increase over last October of £5,855,000, while imports show an increase of £2,804,000. These are sensational figures, and form an absolute record. For the ten months of this year exports show an increase of £18,455,000, and imports an increase of £5,002,000. Everybody ought to be pleased, except the Tariff Reformers, for everything is happening under Free Trade which they say will happen under Tariff Reform. Not only are exports doing better than imports, but the improvement in exports is almost entirely due to shipments of manufactured articles, which show an increase of no less than £4,734,000 on October, 1910. Metals and cutlery, machinery, cotton goods, apparel, chemicals, leather manufactures have all gone well ahead of last year; and, taking the ten months of the year, it is satisfactory to find that we are hardly paying any more for food imports than we were last year, although, of course, there is a larger population. Altogether, this is an excellent showing; and we can only hope that what looks like a happy winter, with exceptionally good employment, will not be spoilt by labor disputes and strikes.

ATTACK ON THE STEEL TRUST.

The New York papers show that a tremendous sensation was caused by the announcement of the Government's action to dissolve the Steel Trust under the Sherman Law. Private messages also show that the reports of a breach between President Taft and Mr. Wickersham, his Attorney-General, are quite false. Mr. Wickersham is a most loyal friend and colleague, and he is prosecuting Trusts as hard as he can in the hope of saving President Taft. The State Elections, however, show that Conservatism and Protection are still on the decline. It looks as if President Taft's last blunder—his veto of the Bill for reducing the wool tariff—will prove fatal. The Trust prosecution policy has lost its glamor; but the shareholders in the Steel Trust are evidently afraid that its legal disintegration will reduce its profits. The "Million Dollar Trust" was organised, it will be remembered, by Mr. Pierpoint Morgan, who bought out Mr. Carnegie at a price which then seemed extravagant. But, thanks to clever management, a good deal of water has been squeezed out, and several dividends have been paid on the common stock. There were ten constituent companies included in the Steel Trust, and there are now said to be 120,000 shareholders.

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Proceeding to go through the accounts in detail he said the item "sundry creditors, £10,000," was made up of royalties on the output of coal for six months ended June 30th, income tax, etc. The liability on capital, £10,625, represented their liability of 10s. per share on their holding of 21,250 Ordinary shares in the Chinese Central Railways. Their investments amounted to £182,091, and all these investments, with the exception of their Consols, £35,000, had appreciated since they bought them.

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Reviews.

A NEW LIFE OF CLAVERHOUSE.

"Grahame of Claverhouse." By MICHAEL BARRINGTON
(Martin Secker. 30s. net.)

THERE are several biographies of John Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, all of them written by admirers. It is a pity that none of his foes has written the life of a man still so detested as "the persecutor"—to use his own phrase—"the last and best of Scots," in Dryden's translation of Pitcairn's Latin elegiacs. Mr. Barrington's large and handsome biography displays much knowledge of the subject, is fully *documenté*, and equipped with a valuable bibliography. Our information about Dundee, in the campaign in 1689, is unhappily meagre and vague. We have the clumsy and tasteless narrative of his defeated opponent, Mackay, a gallant soldier and a good man, whose "disaster" was foredoomed, like those of Preston Pans and Iswandlwana. A small body of regular troops, without guns worth mentioning, with muskets choked by the bayonets inserted in their muzzles, and in a fatally-chosen position, with a steep descent and a flooded river behind them, were "rushed" by the charge of the Highland clans down a steep hill and swept away as by a whirlwind. Mr. Barrington, unlike Professor Terry, adopts the traditional—we may say the certain—field of battle. The merit of Dundee lay in his power, only matched by that of Montrose, in controlling, keeping together, and inspiring the jealous clansmen, and in the rapid raids of his little handful of horse early in the campaign. He was almost destitute of money and supplies, but in Mackay's own happy phrase, "he played his personage," his beautiful face, his stern discipline, as in the case when he dominated the river Keppoch at the head of 700 of his men. His personal daring, when, contrary to the wish of the chiefs, he led into the action where he fell, and his diplomatic ability, made him the one hope of a desperate loyalty to an impossible cause. Those qualities, with his haughty independence in face of the mercenary and jobbing politicians, such as Queensberry, and such waverers as Hamilton and the Duke of Gordon, have carried captive the hearts of Dundee's admirers. It is unfortunate that one version of his one campaign is a tumid Latin epic by an eye-witness, the "Grameid," while another in Balhaldie's "Life of Lochiel," rests much on tradition, and does not pretend to be impartial. With these materials Mr. Barrington has done all that can be done, and the fleeting gleam of light reveals Dundee as we best like to remember him, the light that broods over the fallen sun, as in his own words to Henry Morton in "Old Mortality."

There is really nothing new to be said about Dundee. His most sincere admirer, Sir Walter Scott, was so conscious of his own bias, and so anxious to be fair, that he has represented him as horribly cruel, and professedly indifferent to the sufferings of the multitude, being concerned only with the fortunes of the well-born. This is precisely the reverse of the truth. No sooner was Claverhouse Constable of Dundee than he remitted the death-penalties under which petty delinquents lay by the Draconic laws of Scotland. His advice was to strike at the noble leaders of the malcontents, not at their followers. He opposed the mission of a second "Highland host" to keep down the Western Whigs. For the rest, "a soldier only has his orders," and these he carried out. No historian has more fairly estimated Dundee than Mr. Hume Brown, who is the reverse of a Jacobite, in his "History of Scotland." Dundee's enemy, Walker, author of "The Saints of the Covenant," represents him as unstained by the vices of the Restoration as regards "wine and women," and with a face like his, he was in the way of temptation. In fact, as in the vision of Hell, in "Wandering Willie's Tale" (in "Redgauntlet"), he sits apart from the brutal crew of debauched persecutors—

Dalzell, Grierson of Lag, wild Bonshaw, and the rest of them.

Mr. Barrington does not minutely analyse the stories of Dundee's cruelties given by Wodrow and other historians of the sufferings. In the famous case of the Christian carrier, the martyr, of course, was not shot for nonconformity, being well within the law of treason, which, Mackenzie says, was only to be enforced for a fortnight. The affair of the martyr's wife, and Dundee's words to her, "To man I can answer, and God I will take in my own hand," are quite out of keeping with his character in the latter part, but were reported to Walker by the woman herself, and Walker was veracious, as far as his knowledge extended. This was the incident which made so deep an impression on Scott, and which will always stain the character of Dundee.

He had no part, of course, in determining the violent yet wavering policy of Rothes, Sharp, and Lauderdale in stamping out the embers of the wars of the Covenant. He did not come on the scene till the state of the country was really dangerous, in 1678-1679. Then he appeared, an ambitious young soldier and laird, decidedly anxious to better himself, both by marriage and by promotion. His actual marriage with the daughter of a Whig house seems to have been one of affection. His letters display him as anxious to preserve discipline, and not to burden the country by quartering soldiers on it. But Government could not or did not provide the necessary money. His loyalty was sincere, even fanatical; he carried out his orders, and kept a keen eye on the limits of the law, such as it was. He no more disdained to accept a forfeited estate than, after his death, others disdained to receive his own, leaving his widow dependent on kinsfolk whose politics were not those of herself and her lord. Scott led the cry against the badness of his spelling, which was better than that of many of his peers. His style of writing is most original—it displays both humor and haughty irony. He truckled to nobody; he more than held his own against his superiors in rank and office, and he was esteemed by the best men of his own party who did not engage in politics. Had he not sat on the jury which condemned the Earl of Argyll, he might be more admired by persons who are not fanatics for either Crown or Covenant. Certainly he was *felix opportunitate mortis*.

A. LANG.

NAPOLÉON ONCE MORE.

"The Life of Napoleon." By ARTHUR HASSALL. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

The only excuse for restating a hackneyed theme is that the writer shall either bring to his task new materials or a fresher knowledge of those already known, or a greater power of realising situations and portraying character. It is hardly possible that all these conditions should be fulfilled. The archives of Europe and the muniment rooms of great families have been thoroughly searched. Napoleonic memoirs have been found so paying a form of fiction that the supply of the genuine article must have been exhausted, and grave doubts exist as to the authenticity of some of the later specimens of that entertaining output. Only a mind of superhuman power and vitality can grip and vitalise the immense store of letters, despatches, and memoranda necessary to a true understanding of the hidden policy of this momentous period; and he must be a giant who, at the end of the labor of research, collaboration, and criticism, retains the freshness needful for a convincing portrayal of character.

It cannot be said that Mr. Hassall fulfils the conditions above stated. In the last part of his work he skillfully incorporates parts of Captain Meynell's "Memoranda of Conversations with Napoleon" at St. Helena, which were privately printed two years ago. That is an addition of value which enhances the interest of his closing chapter, for

anything is to be prized which brings first-hand knowledge of the great man, especially in his closing years. Apart from this far from considerable addition, no new source has been tapped; and far too large a part of the book consists of extracts from previous writers on the subject. Of course, occasional quotations are not only pardonable, but inevitable. A narrative is enlivened by judicious selections, provided that they are from the best contemporary sources, either memoirs, letters, or despatches; but the constant culling of extracts from the works of recent writers on the same theme is a practice strongly to be deprecated; and at times Mr. Hassall's patchy pages challenge comparison with composite histories of transatlantic origin. One of the worst examples of this abuse of quotation is to be found on pages 51-52. Two passages are cited without recognition of the source from which they are taken. One is a long sentence, which reads like an extract from the "Cambridge Modern History," describing the failure of the Second Coalition against France. The next sentence proceeds straightway—"We were plunging under full sail back to the abyss of the Terror." Thus, the failure of coalesced Europe leads on to a description of the condition of France in 1799, in which Bonapartist hyperbole involves the unknown writer in what Mrs. Malaprop would have termed "a fine derangement of epitaphs." It is to be hoped that in this case the printers misunderstood the order of Mr. Hassall's sentences.

This volume also leaves much to be desired in respect to characterisation. A curious instance of loss of an opportunity for effective delineation of character occurs early in Chapter II., where we are told, "On 9th March he [Bonaparte] married Josephine, and on 27th March he arrived at Nice, the headquarters of the French Army of Italy." There had been no previous mention of Josephine; and the charming creature is jerked on and off the scene in this ungallant fashion in order that the account of the Italian campaign may not be interrupted. The omission to give a character sketch is perhaps for that reason not wholly unpardonable; but nowhere is it made good, not even in the discussion of the question of the divorce, which, again, is far too hastily dismissed. Further, on page 69, Addington is casually mentioned, though the reader has not been told (what is not known by everybody) that he succeeded Pitt as Prime Minister in 1801. Mr. Hassall gives a good general sketch of Napoleon himself, but the hints are scattered up and down his pages somewhat ineffectively, so that the final impression is apt to be blurred.

Obviously, Mr. Hassall is more interested in situations than in men and women. In his excellent volume, "The Balance of Power," he showed skill in describing large questions of policy and setting forth the results of campaigns and treaties. On these topics he discourses with judgment in this work; and his narrative improves so soon as he limits his quotations and gives his own account or verdict. It is, therefore, to be regretted that he did not follow this healthier procedure throughout the volume. His account of the change in the European situation by the victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden is excellent; and he shows clearly how those triumphs rescued the First Consul from what was a precarious situation both at home and abroad. Another case of sound generalisation is his division into stages of the movement which he rightly terms "the Revolution of Germany" in 1803-6. Perhaps he might have extended his classification so as to include the years 1807-11, when Stein, Hardenberg, and others completed the reconstruction of Prussia somewhat on the lines marked out by the French reformers in France, and when the Napoleonic system was applied to the Western and Southern States of Germany. Another point well insisted on is that Napoleon's changes tended to what Mr. Hassall uneuphoniously terms "the Protestantization" of Germany, i.e., in regard to the governing powers of that collection of States. On pages 121-130 there is a good description of the Emperor's policy towards Austria in 1805-6, and of the establishment of the Confederation of the Rhine. On the other hand, the reference to Napoleon's rupture with Prussia in 1806 is far too sketchy, besides being marred by the strange statement (p. 136) that the vacillating Prussian Army prepared for war. The Prussian Army throughout wanted war. It was King Frederick William III. who wavered between two sets of advisers, and, finally, though most reluctantly, decided for

war. The account of the campaigns of Jena and Friedland is far too brief; and the notice of the Treaty of Tilsit gives June 19, 1807, as the date of its conclusion, whereas it was July 7. Mr. Hassall also states that at that time Napoleon doubtless "looked forward" to the accession of the Danish fleet, whereas the fact is that that event was stipulated as one of the leading aims of the secret treaty which Napoleon concluded with Russia on that very day.

Mr. Hassall notes several features of deterioration in Napoleonic policy after Tilsit, and adumbrates the causes of the Emperor's fall, especially those resulting from the ill-starred Spanish enterprise. The wider effects of the continental system on Northern and Central Europe should, however, be more emphasised. An example of judicious quotation occurs on page 246, where the author cites the contemporary description by Spencer Stanhope of Napoleon's return to Paris after the end of the Moscow campaign. In his account of Waterloo, Mr. Hassall credits Napoleon's statement at St. Helena that he could not attack early in the day because of the rain. Doubtless this was a contributory cause; but it is now known that the hasty pursuit from Quatre Bras to la Belle Alliance on June 17th had excessively wearied the French troops, who, moreover, scattered in search of food early on the 18th. Lack of detail and an altogether insufficient reference to the Grouchy episode leave the reader who does not know the facts with a very vague notion of how the fighting went and why the result was an utter *défaite* for the French.

As has been stated, the St. Helena episodes gain in distinctness by the citation of Captain Meynell's Memoranda, the extracts from which might with benefit have been extended. The volume is adorned with several portraits and sketches, some of which are good, notably that after Lawrence of the little King of Rome; while Prud'hon's "Josephine" and Canova's "Pauline Bonaparte" are characteristic of them and of the age. But why was Vignoux's coarse sketch of Napoleon introduced? It represents him as little better than a prize-fighter. The sketch of Napoleon at the "Batterie des Hommes sans Peur" is inserted in the chapter dealing with the Italian campaign. It refers to an episode of the siege of Toulon three years earlier. Did space permit, several inaccuracies in the text on points of detail might be noticed. It is inexact to say that Bonaparte gained the Italian command in 1796 owing to his bravery and skill on *le treize Vendémiaire*. It was due to his masterly plans for the campaign, which Schérer, the commander in Italy, was both unable and unwilling to carry out. On page 41 it is stated that the British fleet evacuated the Mediterranean in 1798; it did so in November-December, 1796. The surrender of Malta to Bonaparte in June, 1798, is stated to have been due to the cowardice of the Grand Master of the Knights of St. John, whereas it has recently been proved that he did his best, but was thwarted by the treachery of some of the Knights, especially Bosredon Ransijat, who circulated the slander against his chief. It is also incorrect to speak of the British "seizing" Malta in September, 1800. With the help of the Maltese, they had besieged the French in Valetta for two years, and starved them into surrender. Further, to say (p. 99) that "the opportunity of tearing-up the Treaty of Amiens was gladly seized upon by many leading Englishmen," gives a wrong impression of the facts, which were that Napoleon's aggressions had virtually abrogated that treaty, and still more so that of Lunéville (February, 1801), on which the Addington Cabinet relied as guaranteeing the future of Europe. No leading Englishman wanted war for its own sake; but many had come to the reluctant conclusion that it was less dangerous than the peace which the First Consul with every month increasingly turned to his own aggrandisement and the abasement of the United Kingdom. There are misprints of foreign names on pages 63, 81, 102, and 205.

"NORMAN" IRELAND.

"Ireland Under the Normans, 1169-1216." By GODDARD HENRY ORPEN. (Clarendon Press. 2 Vols. 21s. net.)

MR. ORPEN is already known as the editor of an old French *chanson* on the Norman invasion of Ireland and the writer of a number of articles on Norman-Irish antiquities. His

work under review may be considered in a twofold character. As an antiquary, the author collects and arranges the evidences and facts, producing a much clearer and better-ordered narrative of the part-occupation of Ireland by the "Normans" than any heretofore written. In this respect his book is likely to be a standard work of reference. It labors, however, under one grave disadvantage. The evidence on the native Irish side is contained in documents written in Irish, a language with which Mr. Orpen does not appear to be familiar. He writes with great enthusiasm, and this quality makes his chapters all the more readable. But it also carries the author beyond the bounds of antiquarian study, in which his reputation has been earned, and urges him to launch forth as an historian, explaining, as he understands them, the events of his theme, and sitting in judgment on men and nations and policies. The "Norman" settlements in Ireland are treated throughout as an "English colony." This is a view often popularly held in Ireland, but one need not go beyond even the severely limited group of facts and evidences set forth by Mr. Orpen to learn that it is a total miscomprehension. The "Normans" in Ireland were not an English colony, nor even a colony from England. They were English chiefly in one respect, in that the Angevin Frank, under whose authority they acted, was king of England. He was also master of a large continental territory, extending from Flanders round by the coast to the Pyrenees. The bold adventurers who won for him the troublesome and not too secure lordship of Ireland, were headed by a group of barons, half-Norman and half-Welsh in origin. Others of them were Flemings. Of the residue, we are not told how many were of the continental aristocracy then not long established in England, and how many came direct from Henry's continental possessions. When William the Conqueror invaded England, the Irish annalists described him and his followers as Franks, and in strict history to call them Normans is to convey less truth. Franks they had become in language, in institutions, and in their mode of warfare. The invaders of Ireland, a century later, were a century more Frankish, and the true historical view must regard this invasion as a characteristic expansion of Frankish feudalism.

This view has not occurred at all to Mr. Orpen, who even fails to note that the feudalism set up by the invaders in Ireland was not the modified feudalism of the English kingdom, but that of the continental Franks. The effective fighting strength of the "Normans" in Ireland consisted of Welshmen, as we learn from Giraldus Cambrensis. Giraldus, notwithstanding his defence by Mr. Orpen, was a deeply prejudiced witness, but in this particular he fortified his statement with some very cogent reasons. When the Plantagenet kings lost their continental territories and were forced to associate their fortunes mainly with their secure realm of England, they made repeated endeavors to reduce the "Norman" possessions in Ireland to the status of an English colony. All their efforts in that direction failed, and the "Normans," who from the first were not English, drifted farther and farther apart from the English connection in each succeeding generation. Henry VIII. made a wider cast of the political net. Discarding the title of "Lord of Ireland," which implied the Papal overlordship under the "Donation of Constantine," he had himself proclaimed "King of Ireland," and had the chiefs of the "Irish enemy," as well as the lords of "Norman" origin, summoned to sit in an Irish Parliament. But for the contemporary religious difficulty, this repudiation of the colonial policy might well have solved the Irish problem. But the era that followed saw the colony as well as the nation in sporadic revolt. Confiscations on a sweeping scale brought about the overthrow of both elements, but also forced both to declare themselves "*pro Deo, rege, et patria Hibernia unanimes*." A remnant of both elements made submission, and preserved their estates. In the last great national revolt the leading part was taken by descendants of the original Flemish colonists of South Leinster, and at present the race of the "Old Foreigners" are in every sense and sentiment fused into one with the race of the "Old Irish." From first to last, it is not the story of an English colony.

Mr. Orpen draws the warm coloring of his judgments from epic sources—the inspired narrative and discourse of Giraldus, a partisan among partisans, and two heroic poems in Old French. The result is a conscious and avowed exalta-

tion of the actual adventurers in Ireland and a corresponding belittlement of the two great powers behind the invasion, the power of the Papacy and the power of the Crown. Mr. Orpen pronounces in favor of the authenticity of "Laudabiliter," not without good reason, though he might well have set out more clearly the arguments for and against. This implies that the Papal Court approved and commended the invasion. We can understand the sequel. When Henry with the largest armament that till then and long afterwards had been seen on these waters—his fleet numbered four hundred ships—came to land at Waterford, he received the submission, first of the prelates and clergy, and afterwards of the Irish princes. Mr. Orpen remarks on the friendly disposition of the clergy towards the invaders. It began so early, but he does not trace it to Papal influence, and rather leaves his reader under the impression that the goodwill of the clergy was a natural response to the good dispositions of the newcomers. The royal authority and policy he treats as less a help than a hindrance to the work of conquest. Here again even the data he supplies will convince intelligent readers that, in his enthusiasm for the "Norman" chiefs, he has misstated the case. Henry saw clearly the danger that the more active and successful of his lieges in Ireland might become independent of him, and he worked to prevent them. So far, he almost succeeded. John may have been a weak and vacillating ruler in England. In Ireland, at all events, he played no weak game. He showed himself able to crush the most formidable of the new lords, and his actions were marked by steady and effective purpose. Those who can trace with perception the previous career of John's greater victims will not fail to credit him with saving the English connection for his time. But the chief feature of the Crown policy in Ireland had relation to the maritime towns. These and these alone became genuine English colonies, English in polity, English, at least officially, in language, standing firm for England and the Crown against both baron and chieftain, remaining loyalist and royalist even under religious persecution, and only changing sides when their loyalty was spurned and a new and bitterly hostile colonisation was forced on them. It was these towns, and only they, that preserved the English connection, and the sentiment that inspired them was initiated by the Crown policy in the period dealt with by Mr. Orpen. His personal predilections have not allowed him to see it. What might have been is a frequent theme with writers about Ireland. It is a barren theme in history, more barren still in present practical politics, but if it might be indulged in, one need not fear to say that, only for the Crown policy, Ireland would have gone from the Crown as Normandy and Touraine and Maine and Anjou and Aquitaine went from it. She would have absorbed and assimilated the colony in two or three generations.

A writer whose historical judgment is so much to seek in dealing with evidences among which he is somewhat of an expert, cannot be expected to give a trustworthy interpretation of evidences which he can consult only in part and at second-hand. Mr. Orpen's attempt to depict Ireland before the invasion, dependent as he necessarily is on records in the Irish language, will be most intelligible to those who think that whatever concerns the Irish is only true when it is unaccountable. His history starts off with the old-fashioned plea that Ireland was invaded because she deserved to be invaded. Since she was only half-conquered, one wonders what aggregation of evil deserts Mr. Orpen would have found in the Anglo-Saxons had he been moved to provide an explanation for the fairly complete conquest of England. The peculiar demerit of Ireland at that period was "anarchy." Mr. Orpen takes a concentrated view of his subject. Had he permitted himself to glance aside towards medieval Germany or medieval Italy, or Greece in her most glorious age, or even the Duchy of Normandy, while it lasted, it may be conjectured that he would have spent less labor on his picture of "anarchic Ireland." By anarchy he means internal warfare. The true cause of Irish petty wars he has entirely missed. Mr. Owen Rhoscomyl, in his "Flame-bearers of Wales," has shown the same cause at work in a country whose polity was similar. The cause was the uncertain rule of succession to the principedom, the rule of election of the best man, instead of succession by primogeniture or, on some automatic principle, from the dynastic kindred. Mr. Orpen's explanation of Irish "anarchy" is that Ireland in the twelfth century was still in the tribal state. The

tribal state is very primitive, but it is not necessarily anarchic. In the June number of the "Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland," a brother Irish antiquary and a very dispassionate writer, Mr. H. T. Knox, dealing with quite a different subject, the origin of Irish earthworks, has well shown that here also Mr. Orpen labors under a delusion with regard to the political state of Ireland before the invasion. Irish political society had completely passed out of the tribal state centuries before the invasion, and had passed into a state comparable with feudalism, but of distinct growth and accordingly distinct in character. Mr. Orpen manages to identify what he calls a tribe with what Keating (c. 1650) calls a *tricha céd*. He quotes Keating on the point, but Keating is perfectly clear that the *tricha céd* was not a tribe, but a measure of land; and that this was so before the invasion can be proved from contemporary documents.

Mr. Orpen reviews the ancient Irish legal system, which to him appears preposterous. Judges, he thinks, were employed and well paid by the Irish and by the Celts in general from before the time of Julius Cæsar, to pronounce decrees which could not be enforced. Celtic law had no "sanction." Here Mr. Orpen has been misled by Sir Henry Maine. The last words of the passage he quotes from Cæsar show that Celtic law had a very stringent sanction. Disobedience to a legal judgment entailed suspension of all civil rights. Definite penalties were also enforced, as in the case of Orgetorix, for whose offence, Cæsar says, the fixed penalty was death by fire. But perhaps the best commentary on Mr. Orpen's view is that Irish law was widely substituted for feudal law by the Irish feudal lords, and maintained by them in spite of express statutes for its suppression.

Mr. Orpen's book, so far as it is the work of an expert in "Norman" records, will deserve to be consulted by students of Irish history. When he handles native Irish evidences he does not understand, and cannot make others understand. When he offers explanations and pronounces judgments, the reader will do well to remember that here, at all events, there is "no sanction," and that a judgment may be nothing the worse if it is formed independently of Mr. Orpen's. It is quite refreshing in these days to encounter a writer on history who is a wholehearted admirer of feudalism. It reminds us that Ireland's tenacious struggle against the feudal system is not yet over. The exclusion of the grazing lands, comprising the most fertile tracts of the country, from the benefit of the Land Acts, and the recent decision of the House of Lords in favor of superior feudal claims as against the fishermen of Lough Neagh, show that the giant is still alive. Our author, too, has his eye on the last efforts of feudalism to keep a drowning grip on his country. His sixth chapter ends with a denunciation "of that perversity which in after years too often characterised England's policy towards Ireland, and from which perhaps it is not yet wholly free." This perversity, we are told, consists in "thwarting the efforts of the colony whenever it seemed likely to be successful and prosperous." The likelihood is rather exiguous at present. In the twentieth century, a "colony" of feudal proprietors stands a bad chance of becoming successful and prosperous at the expense of toiling farmers and fishermen.

A PÆAN OF ENERGY.

"India Under Curzon, and After." By LOVAT FRASER.
(Heinemann. 16s. net.)

WHEN Sir William Hunter died (ten years ago) political India ceased, for a time, to be written about in a fashion to attract the educated Englishman. But after a barren interval the subject appears to be looking up again. No one ever complained that Lord Curzon's speeches and State papers were lacking in force and verve, and they undoubtedly acted as a stimulus. Within the past year or so, several noteworthy books on India have been published, and one or two have had great influence on public opinion. This is especially true of Mr. Valentine Chirol's analysis of Indian unrest, published last year. Far as it was, in certain essential matters, from getting at the heart of the problem, it at least made the phenomena of revolution

credible to the English reader. And here, whatever else needs to be said of it, is another book of a similar order. Mr. Lovat Fraser has made Lord Curzon real.

We may marvel a little, perhaps, at the assumption upon which Mr. Fraser proceeds. The Herculean labors of this Proconsul, he believes, have never been made known to his countrymen at home; or else the quarrel which ended them has made the English public forget that Lord Curzon did anything in India (apart from the Delhi Durbar) except try to stop Lord Kitchener. We should hardly have thought this a reasonable view, for after all the Curzon epoch has had its fair measure of eulogy. But the point is not important, and here, at any rate, is Mr. Lovat Fraser, with a full, fluent, and graphic chronicle of those seven resounding years.

It is excellent to read. Mr. Fraser (who watched Lord Curzon from the editorial chair of the leading daily journal in Bombay) says he has tried to be impartial; he has at least succeeded in being enthusiastic. Here and there, and not so rarely as one might expect, he slips in an adverse comment; but what he aims at, and achieves, is to show his Viceroy putting "every branch of Indian policy upon the anvil." Accordingly, we see Lord Curzon in his fortieth year setting out to re-make the Government of India. Before he reaches Calcutta or Simla he is convinced of one thing—that the whole administrative machinery is defective and much of it fit only for the scrap-heap. He attacks afresh the North-West frontier, finding, as he believes, a permanent mean between those who want to occupy the tribal country and those who demand withdrawal. He denounces the system of education before he has a chance of looking into it; he revises the method of land-revenue collection, transforms the relations between the Governor-General and the Indian Princes, creates new departments, appoints inspectors-general, grapples with the twin spectres of Plague and Famine, carves a new province out of the Punjab, partitions Bengal. He discovers that every civil officer in the country is crushed under the weight of report-writing and "having the honor to be," and believes he has ended the evil when he has fixed a page-limit to all official returns. He puts his schemes in lists of a dozen. When one list is cleaned off the slate he draws up another, and has a pleasant trick of declaring, in those expansive annual reviews of his, that he is hot upon the track of yet another dozen. It is a government of missions and commissions: of brilliant starts, incessant "resolutions," triumphal tours, reverberating speeches. The Viceroy's confidence is inexhaustible, his energy knows no bounds. "There was not a servant of the Crown of India," says Mr. Lovat Fraser, "who did not realise that however hard he worked, the Viceroy was working harder." He toils at least as mercilessly as Dalhousie or Canning; he talks as much (if we reckon, not the number of speeches, but their substance and display) as all the other Governors-General put together. Nothing to him is too big or too little. He turns from a Universities Bill or a Budget oration, or a Tibet expedition, to slice up the map of India, to determine the site of the Black Hole, to re-plan the garden of the Taj Mahal, or to instruct the Government printers on the way to punctuate his Excellency's minutes. It is, as Mirabeau would have said, an orgy of legislation, a tornado of "efficiency."

Mr. Fraser himself adopts the Curzon numeral. A round dozen of chapters contain his record and praise of the Viceroy's achievements, while hardly as many pages suffice for what he has to say of the unrest amid which Lord Curzon departed, and which, a few months later, drove his successor—simplest and most considerate of Governors-General—into a policy he detested. Can we, with the aid of Mr. Fraser's vigorous exposition and advocacy, arrive at a reasonable estimate of the Curzon epoch and say how much of it was for the good of India, or for the strengthening of British rule?

To Mr. Lovat Fraser, almost all is equally admirable. He will admit no difference worth mentioning between the settlement of the tribal country and the expedition to Lhasa, or between the handling of the land-revenue system and the organised assault upon the universities. In everything Lord Curzon did, or attempted to do, the motive was the well-being of the Indian people, and his opponents were

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those who, for one reason of self-interest or another, were wedded to the old abuses. But who that has examined the results of Curzonism, who, indeed, that takes careful note of what Mr. Lovat Fraser himself lets fall, can subscribe to this opinion?

Let us take a few examples. There is the Mission to Kabul, and the resultant treaty, the complete failure of which is exposed in a few merciless pages by Mr. Fraser. The convinced Curzonian would say that the Dane Mission was sent by Lord Ampthill, during Lord Curzon's holiday in England. But the plea avails very little more than the similar but more outrageous disclaimer of the partition of Bengal on the same ground; for Lord Curzon was specifically consulted by the Balfour Government in London. Anyhow, as Mr. Fraser says, the real result of the Dane Mission was "temporarily to lower British prestige in Afghanistan to a level it had never reached for many years." As for Tibet, Mr. Fraser thinks it more than stupid (perhaps irreverent) for anyone to believe that "the expedition was merely an instrument sent to gratify the curiosity of a Viceroy who was also an ardent geographer." Well, perhaps there was more in it than geography. "Tibet is not so poor as it seems," says Mr. Fraser, ingeniously disclosing the reason of all Imperialist adventure; and those voluminous Blue Books tell their own tale.

In the chapter headed "The Princes and the Native States," Mr. Lovat Fraser is less happy with his hero than elsewhere. He has misgivings as to the Curzon method of dealing with the ruling Chiefs. "I believe in them," said the Viceroy, "not as relics but as rulers, not as puppets but as living factors in the administration." Yet he imposed upon the Nizam of Hyderabad a perpetual lease of Berar, which, being equivalent to annexation, supplies a most effective commentary upon this profession of faith as to the Indian Princes being living factors in the administration. "The Nizam's sovereignty over Berar," says Mr. Fraser, with his delightful candor, "was re-affirmed, and his flag was to be flown at Amraoti, the capital of the province, on his birthday, during the lifetime of the late ruler." Quite so; "not as relics, but as rulers." What a notion of sovereignty is here!

There is fine fighting stuff in every other chapter, for Lord Curzon was what Mr. Balfour would call a House of Commons man, and he gave provocative expression to his policy in minutes as elaborate and aggressive as Front Bench speeches. This is true of the North-West frontier, of Land-revenue, of Education, Army Reform, Preferential Tariffs, the Partition of Bengal—these minutes mark an epoch in the history of British India. And what a revelation they provide of the ruler who believes and acts upon the theory of the divine right inhering in the governing race! "I believe," said Lord Curzon, "in the *res gesta*, the thing done." And it could not be properly done save by himself. No Indian was called to the Education Conference at Simla for the framing of the plan of campaign against the schools and colleges. No Hindu was given a seat on the Universities Commission until the Press had made an outcry. No independent Bengali was summoned to the counsels of Government when it was proposed to dismember the province. In the salving or restoration of Indian monuments, no Indian scholar had his say. Even the Tibet Expedition had no place for the one Indian Government servant who had traversed and surveyed the route. Never in modern times has there been an administration so charged with energy, so bent on doing, and so extraordinarily untouched by the life and feeling of the human beings with whom it dealt. There are those, says Mr. Lovat Fraser, scornfully, who would call Lord Curzon a bureaucrat. We agree that the label is absurd; but even the inspired despot has to work through his army of officials. And in Lord Curzon's day some of these had the time of their lives, as the reader will find if he turns to pp. 377-379, where is set forth in full one of the most diverting State papers of our day. In 1902 it appears, secretaries and deputy-secretaries "have been calmly carving about and re-arranging provinces on paper, coloring and re-coloring the map of India," and the Viceregal ire is in full flood:—

"I really feel disposed to ask: 'Is there no such thing as a head of the Government, and what are the Secretaries for, but to keep him acquainted with the administration? Would it be considered credible outside the departments that these

really very important issues, affecting the constitution of, or dismemberment of, provinces, should have been under discussion for more than a year without the file ever being sent, or the subject even being mentioned to the Viceroy?'"

And Lord Curzon recognises that he has here lighted upon a perfect example of the particular vice against which he wages war.

"I do not suppose for one moment that this has been a conscious omission, or that there has been in anybody's mind the faintest idea of conducting the discussion except according to the most orthodox methods. But that is just where my complaint comes in. People sometimes ask what departmentalism is. To any such I give this case as an illustration. Departmentalism is not a moral delinquency. It is an intellectual hiatus: the complete absence of thought or apprehension of anything outside the purely departmental aspects of the matter under discussion. For fourteen months it never occurred to a single human being in the departments to mention the matter, or to suggest that it should be mentioned. Round and round, like the diurnal revolution of the earth, went the file—stately, solemn, sure, and slow; and now, in due season, it has completed its orbit, and I am invited to register the concluding stage."

With these sentences from the celebrated "round-and-round note" singing in his ears, who shall say that Mr. Lovat Fraser is wrong in his assertion that Lord Curzon's whole Viceroyalty "was one long protest against the laggards and the languid"?

AN INNER VIEW OF TURKEY.

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WHEN, both in Britain and America, public attention is being more and more attracted to Turkey and its people, Sir Edwin Pears's book is a most important and welcome contribution to knowledge of the subject. It is absolutely fair, non-partisan, and moderate in tone, yet, at the same time, his intense interest in and love for the country and the people he is telling us about are obvious throughout. One of the pleasantest characteristics of the book is that the personality of the writer appeals at once to the reader, and with each page the feeling increases that here is one who knows what he is writing about, and imparts what he knows in a masterly way—clear, concise, convincing—and, at the same time, in a style that would lend a charm to subjects not half so interesting in themselves. The religions, manners, and customs of the divers races that constitute the people of Turkey are all described briefly but adequately. The "strictly Turkish" population is gradually diminishing—a fact observed by all who know Turkey well; while the other races, in spite of massacres, do not show the same tendency to decay. On the other hand, the numbers of Mohammedans are kept up by immigration, to which the Turkish Government has always been favorable. The author says that in the last generation not less than half a million Moslems have come into Asia Minor from Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Crete. Like any other traveller in Asia Minor, I can attest the good influence that such immigrants exert on the more primitive people among whom they come to live. They set an example of industry to a people whose idea of happiness is to do as little work as possible, and have brought with them habits and implements hitherto unknown to the native population.

Naturally, Sir Edwin Pears has a good deal to say of the Bulgarian and Armenian Massacres, to the former of which, as correspondent of the "Daily News," he was the first to call the attention of the British Government and people. In writing of the Armenian Massacres, he says: "We may continue to hope what we like from the Turkish Revolution. We may believe that it is possible that the Moslem population can abandon its fanaticism. But it is impossible to read such books as Hepworth's 'Ride Through Armenia' or Walsh's 'Residence in Constantinople,' or any fair account of how the Turks treated the Greeks in 1820-30, the Bulgarians in 1876, or the Armenians in 1895-8, without recognising that there is a depth of brutality, a recklessness of human life, and a hatred of Christian men and women among the lower-class of Turkish Moslems which is unfathomable." But in the last chapter of his book, describing "signs of improvement in Turkey," when the recollection of the Armenian

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horrors is no longer present in his mind, he says: "Even in reference to Turkish fanaticism, I have no hesitation in saying that it has diminished, and is diminishing." Some Mohammedan sects, especially the Mevlevi and Bektash Dervishes, are noted for their religious toleration. The author relates an anecdote of a friend of his who lived for a year in a half-Christian, half-Moslem village, studying the languages of the people, and practising medicine. He had often observed an old sheikh of the Bektash Dervishes, followed by numerous disciples, but had taken him for a Moslem fanatic, and avoided him. "One day, however, he had to pass the Bektash, who was on the opposite side of the way. The old man beckoned to him to cross the road, and, with some hesitation, he did so. The sheikh took him by the hand, linked his arm in his own, and, turning to his disciples, said something like the following: 'I am very old, and Allah will soon take me home; but I request you, my children, to take a legacy from me. I give you this man to take special care of. I have watched him since he came to our town, and he does nothing but good. Some of you may say he is a ghiaour, but I don't care for that. Whether he says his prayers in the name of Mahomet, may his holy name be praised! or whether he says them in the name of Jesus, may His holy name be praised! does not matter to me. He has been doing no evil, but only good; and I therefore charge you to take care of him for my sake.'"

Among some of the least-known peoples of Asia Minor, a curious mixture of Christianity and Mohammedanism prevails. "That there are Crypto-Christians in Asia Minor," says Sir Edwin Pears, "who pass as Mohammedans is beyond doubt." "It is stated that there are some thirty thousand Stavrioti. They openly profess Mohammedanism; they secretly practise Christian rites. They do not tolerate polygamy among them. When they marry, the ceremony is a Christian one. . . . Then, to keep up the pretence of being Moslems, they will go through a ceremony in Mohammedan form." In the district round Sardis, my husband and I heard much of communities of this kind. Besides being monogamous, they do not allow divorce, and the women are generally called by Christian names, although the men bear Mohammedan ones.

Of the influence of the foreign schools in Turkey, far the largest numbers of which have been established by the American Board of Missions, the author speaks with high appreciation. The education given by these schools has had, probably, a greater effect upon the reformation of Turkey than any other cause, even in arousing among Moslems a desire for the benefits which, under Abdul Hamid, they were not allowed to share; for Moslem children were forbidden to enter these schools, and could only do so secretly; their attendance, therefore, not being ardently desired by the managers, as it was frequently a cause of trouble with the Government authorities.

Sir Edwin Pears finishes his book on a key of hopefulness for the future of Turkey, in which one gladly joins. "In spite of the disaffection of reactionaries, of fanatics, of indifference, cynicism, and other hostile forces, there is reason to believe that Turkey will continue in her course of advancement. If her people have learned—or show themselves capable of learning—the lesson of religious equality, she will yet take her place among civilised nations."

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It is, perhaps, well for the historian that he does not always realise the magnitude of the task which he undertakes; despair would overpower him were he to do so. By what methods is he to represent in a single stream of reasoned and articulated discourse the vast superficies of a bygone life bubbling with activities diverse as the units which composed it? We are duly careful to distinguish between the historian and the chronicler, calling the latter a mere narrator, not to be ranked with his more important neighbor, who sifts truth from falsehood, paints in with strong light and shade the more important events, leaving minor details indistinct. And yet how much is involved in this choice!

It is very hard, in fact, to define what constitutes the best history; it may be impious to doubt that it can be written, but it sometimes seems as if it could best be read, not on carefully secreted tables of stone, but in national life and character. One point, however, emerges from these indefinite generalities. Consciously, or unconsciously, we expect that history shall so light up the life of the past that the present and the future grow luminous in consequence. To come truly into touch with a past time should enlarge our perspective, correct short-sighted estimates, and by widening the horizon, give a truer view of the nature of the country to be traversed. If Bergson is right in saying that art is the calling out of such sympathy in the beholder as shall unite him with the artist and carry him along in the same creative stream till he is able to foretell what lies beyond, then the art required of the historian is little short of stupendous, for it is into the sweep and swirl of the life of nations that he must plunge us, and in such a manner that we understand, as we could not otherwise do, whither they are tending.

We think it would be too much to claim for the book before us—"Quakers and the American Colonies"—any heroic part in such a drama. It is not the work of one author, and hence may lack in unity what is gained in variety of treatment. The subject is presented in great detail, and we are sometimes tempted to wish that the details had been more used by way of illustration than as the main means whereby the effect of the picture is obtained. Probably it is essential for the historian himself to pile fact upon fact until his mind is steeped in his period, and we do not say that it is illegitimate for him to use the same method to present it to his readers, but it is also possible for him to draw the large outlines of the design and to use details only to enforce or corroborate his views. It is in the introduction that Dr. Rufus Jones gives us the sublimated result of his labors, and his delineation of the spiritual forces whence some of his characters drew their inspiration and their power is both subtle and stimulating. It is probable that a writer not in sympathy with the rather peculiar type of early American Quakerism could not have drawn the picture with such truthful proportions. For the volume before us, though openly written from the standpoint of the Friends, is no mere laudation of them, but is a genuine attempt to see them in their historical setting as one of the constituent factors of present-day life in the States.

The period covered falls easily into sections. The first one is a time of terrible persecution, nobly borne, and leading, as of course it inevitably would do, to a great increase of the hunted sectaries. Everyone now reads with horror the accounts of men and women done to death with such added terrors as cruelty could devise, and there is no need of fine writing to enlist the sympathies of the reader for the victims of such atrocities. The real difficulty is to discover the cause for such persecution, to penetrate behind the conventional howl of execration, and to find out how it was possible for men, themselves but lately freed from tyranny, to practise it upon others—in fact, to see why the Quaker should suffer at the hands of the Puritan in America when they had both suffered at the hands of the State in the Old Country.

It is essential to understand this in order to get any clear view of the period, and Dr. Rufus Jones gives us the clue when he shows that the two parties stood for opposed ideas of religion: the persecutors for religion of the "second-hand type," the authoritative religion, and the persecuted for that impossible and unaccountable force which breaks through regulations and defies ordinances—religion of the "first-hand type." Anne Hutchinson was at first no Quaker, but she incurred the wrath of Church and State when she instituted her weekly women's meetings, at which she gathered together her neighbors with the intent to expound to them the sermon preached on the previous Sunday. Probably the explanations had in them something of her own vital force and vigor, or they would hardly have led in the end to the tragic scene in the Church, when she was publicly excommunicated and driven from home and congregation. Mary Dyer, who bravely stepped forth to accompany her as she went slowly down the aisle, was indeed a Friend, and it was to the Friends' Colony in Rhode Island that the outcast took her way, there finding a congenial home. She is a typical instance of the strife

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which is still generated, though not to the extent of physical persecution, between the upholders of the two types of religion.

The second stage is that of the expansion of Quakerism, and its spread in the Southern as well as in the Northern States. It is during this period that Pennsylvania rises to the greatest prominence and its success is most clearly marked. It is a wonderful chapter in history which tells of the State really based upon justice, harmony, and goodwill, and whatever may be the causes to which its failure may be attributed, the mere fact of its having lasted intact for seventy-two years is proof that the pessimist and the cynic have not learned the whole scale of life, and that the idealist can strike some chords which they have never discovered.

What is perhaps the main problem for the historian here, is to show the cause which checked the tide that seemed at one time to be bringing in the Quakers as the main factor in modern American life. Was the ideal a false one? Is goodwill not a broad enough basis for a State? Some will doubtless assert the plan was unworkable, because human nature is not made for ideals. The practical statesman who does the best he can, and does not trouble himself about impossible and Utopian fancies, is the man who is needed. There is probably scope for a fuller treatment of this question than is to be found in the book before us, but it is not lacking in some suggestive indications of where the solution may lie. A hardening and limiting, not of the ideal itself, but of the recognised modes of expressing it, may be largely responsible for the slowing down of the tide of enthusiasm, whilst the neglect of education and the unwholesome development of mystic passivity led to serious loss of intellectual power in the whole society. We think also that there may be read between the lines evidence of a certain amount of compromise, a sure underminer of heroic action. We read of Quaker Governors who let non-Friend deputies do the fighting for them, of Quaker Councillors who sat on committees for making military preparations, and although the corporate action was sometimes strong and clear, as when, in 1777, Governor Tryon was informed that the Society could not raise money for providing stockings and other necessities for the troops, yet it is evident at other times that caution overrode weightier considerations.

The chapter entitled "Friends and the Revolution" is full of interest from the point of view of the position of neutrals in time of war, unenviable as that is here shown to be. It will probably be new to many to find how largely Quaker moderation permeated the councils of the Colonists before revolution broke out. John Dickinson, the writer of appeals to the King and the English people, of the Declaration of Rights, and of the Articles of Confederation, was closely connected with the Society, and a Quaker in all but name. The consignees of the famous cargo of tea were Friends; so for all intents and purposes were the three patriots whom Paul Revere roused in Philadelphia, seeing that they were the said John Dickinson, Thompson, though not a member, yet teacher of the Friends' school, and Mifflin, a Friend. It was not until Penn's charter was abandoned in favor of a new revolutionary government—a step taken against the advice of these three—that their influence failed to keep the tide of liberty from overflowing and bursting into the flood of war.

The interest of the last and post-revolution period naturally centres round the question of the abolition of slavery, and it is through the lives of men like John Woolman, one of the great figures of the time, that there comes the refreshing breath of absolute sincerity. Compromise was to him a poison-laden air in which he could not live, and the large results achieved by this simplest of saints, often unaided or even thwarted, were great in proportion to his singleness of aim, and to the magnitude of the task rather than to the means apparently at his disposal.

How the America of to-day has developed out of the persecuting Puritan and the stiff-backed Quaker, how far the Negro question in the Southern States is the result of right enforced at the point of the sword instead of being that of the people's own sense of justice, are questions with which the authors did not set out to deal, but their work will be of value as a contribution to history recent enough

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This is not the place for any detailed examination of a presentment of Kant's doctrine; it would involve a plunge into the technicalities of philosophy and a discussion of much-debated questions concerning perhaps the most difficult of all philosophers. Nor can we even comment at sufficient length on Mr. Lampson's attempt to show that "man's feeling of freedom appertains to that part of the non-contradictory duality which is opposed to freedom," and not to that which is "opposed to natural law." We can only congratulate him on his courage in undertaking the task of interpreting to ordinary readers the "*Kritik der reinen Vernunft*," and on the not inconsiderable success he has in this particular attained. But we feel bound to add that for lack of a criticism of Kant's general position (which was doubtless precluded by the plan of the book) the ordinary reader must either go farther, or fare needlessly worse, in the matter of a philosophic justification of his own feeling of freedom.

Kant's greatest achievement was unquestionably the revolution he effected when he proved to men that they know things only in so far as those things enter into the forms of human intuition and thought, and take shape according to the constitution of the human mind. This was, as he said himself, a victory like that of Copernicus over the Ptolemaic astronomy. No longer was knowledge determined by the object of knowledge but by the subject; and materialism, as a respectable philosophic system, ceased to exist.

All this was admirable and is still admired; we are for ever indebted to the great thinker who thus changed the current of philosophy for all the world. But we must not allow our judgment to be perverted even by a benefit of such magnitude and permanence. There are wants and weaknesses even in Kant. The mere logic of events, the course of thought in his successors, shows, among other things, that the problem of human freedom was not solved at Königsberg; it has been an Ate's apple at the common table of philosophy from that day to this. There was something wrong at the root of the Kantian philosophy of man.

The last words in Mr. Pogson's translation of Bergson's "*Les Données immédiates de la conscience*" are these:—"The problem of freedom has . . . sprung from a misunderstanding: it has been to the moderns what the paradoxes of the Eleatics were to the ancients, and, like these paradoxes, it has its origin in the illusion through which we confuse succession with simultaneity, duration and extensity, quality and quantity."

Even Kant could not dispel this illusion, or, indeed, see that there was an illusion to be dispelled. Even he was unable to distinguish between a living time, an amassing duration, that is, in fact, the very stuff of reality, and that other time which, for certain purposes of our own, we mentally draw out as though it were a string in space, on which are threaded the material changes that succeed and displace each other there. Neither did he, nor could he, see that space itself is no more than an ideal term wherein, for our minds, the development of material things is rounded off. His great mistake was, as Bergson points out, that he confounded time with space, and a symbolic—almost a geometrical—diagram of man with the man himself. So he came to attribute the same meaning to causal relation, whether of the transcendent Ego to its expression in human life, or of the *Ding-an-sich* to its expression in man's outer world. He thus drove freedom (as Mr. Lampson perceives) into the transcendent sphere, which, to knowledge, is inaccessible and incomprehensible; and he represented man as

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in the radical structure of his mind complete from the beginning—a fixed order in which consciousness becomes aware only of this mental state or another, set side by side with that.

It seems that philosophers, even the strongest of them, not only share the prejudices and prepossessions of ordinary men, but are sometimes unable to discover them. M. Bergson, whose researches into the genesis of intellect and the sources of our potent and far-reaching illusions have enabled him to criticise Kant as he has never been criticised before, has shown that certain failures in his philosophy were due to the fact that he shared the general need for a fundamental inquiry into the character, education, and development of the human mind. He shows us, too, in the Introduction he has written for the English translation of "*Matière et Mémoire*" that the very effectiveness of Kant's own criticism, the completeness of its success in giving back to our physics the solid foundation which Berkeley had seemed to destroy, was attained at the cost of "limiting the range and value of our senses and our understanding." It is to this that we must attribute in the main the ineffectiveness of Kant's defence of freedom, as well as the poverty, both of his notion of religion as merely an intensified morality, and of his notion of God as an hypostatized moral law. He had a piece of work to do, and he did it. But he paid a price.

We regret that Mr. Lampson has not found place for some consideration of the treatment his subject meets in a philosophy bidding fair to effect a revolution as great as that for which we confess our debt to Kant. It is strange, indeed, to be called upon to review a book "*On Freedom*," published in 1911, which has not one word of allusion to "*Matière et Mémoire*," "*Les Données immédiates de la conscience*," or "*L'Évolution créatrice*." But the convinced disciple of Kant, even when he is no mere slave to the letter of the master's teaching, with difficulty accords due value to a philosophy which, by force of contrast with current intellectualism, comes to many of our most eager students as "the breath of the morning and the song of birds." The brilliant thinker who used this phrase in speaking of it told us, too, that if we will "deal with moral facts conceptually, we have first to transform them." The freedom of man is a moral fact, a living fact. It moves in the movement and progress of his self-creating life, and, as in the case of a moving body, we can lay down, as it were, its trajectory, the path it has travelled, and—thus transforming it—we may divide or divert, as we please, the line we have traced out, or make of it a strand in the network of calculable change. But we only contrive a puzzle for ourselves after the manner of Zeno's paradoxes, and when we try to replace our puzzle in a relation to the concrete man, we find that his real life, his real movement, his real freedom, slip through our intellectual fingers, escape the meshes of our intellectual net. *Le problème de la liberté est donc né d'un malentendu.* Mr. Lampson should take note of this, and some day turn his powers and his enthusiasm into the making of another book that shall show the ordinary reader how much more truly he knows and feels himself than Kant could once admit.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

"*Crime and Criminals.*" By R. F. QUINTON. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is always interesting to hear what an author has to say when he has had, like Dr. Quinton, a prolonged personal experience of the subject he is dealing with. In his preface to this volume Dr. Quinton says that he can look back upon thirty-four years' service as medical officer, and latterly as a Governor in the English prison administration. He first entered the Prisons Department as a medical officer at Portsmouth convict prison. In the course of his career he was successively transferred to the prisons at Millbank, Hull, Manchester, Liverpool, Wandsworth, and Parkhurst. During the whole of this period he acted in a purely medical capacity, and had nothing directly to do with prison discipline. It was his duty to act, as he says, as "the recognised and responsible protector of the prisoner from any undue harshness of treatment that may tend to his physical or mental detriment"; and he was very often "the confidential repository of the prisoner's grievances, or com-

plaints of unfair dealing on the part of the prison staff." Latterly he was promoted to the position of Governor of Holloway Prison, and in this capacity he became responsible for the good conduct of the prisoners and the general discipline of the prison. It will be seen from this long record of public service that Dr. Quinton has had wide and ample opportunities of studying the character of the prison population, and that his views as to the characteristics of the criminal class and as to the best methods of treating them during their incarceration are worthy of consideration and attention.

The book which he now places before the public is, in the main, a record of impressions. It is not a deep and searching examination of the criminal problem as a whole. It is the work of a shrewd, somewhat cynical official, who always takes the purely official point of view. To a man with this temper of mind everything in the official world is admirable as long as it exists; but as soon as existing arrangements are supplanted by others, they, in turn, become equally admirable. In other words, he is a resolute defender of the *status quo*, whatever the *status quo* for the time being may happen to be.

It is gratifying to hear an official of Dr. Quinton's experience say that the type of prisoner has materially altered for the better since he first entered the service of the administration. The prisoner in penal servitude to-day is "a much milder and more civilised person than his predecessor of thirty years ago, who was too often an ignorant, truculent and intractable monster, for whom a very stern code of discipline was required. I can well remember my own impressions on joining as assistant surgeon at Portsmouth convict prison, in 1876. I felt that I had been suddenly transplanted into a veritable community of pirates, capable of any and every crime under the sun." He then goes on to say that the penalties for misconduct at that time were very severe, but that they had apparently little deterrent effect. Savage assaults on warders, threats of violence to officials generally, and all kinds of disorderly conduct were of daily occurrence. The prisoners in many instances became so desperate that self-inflicted injuries of the most serious character often led to amputation of limbs and other operations. The practice of placing arms and legs under railway trucks on the works was so prevalent at one convict prison that no less than twenty-five major operations were performed in one year. What were the conditions producing this horrible state of things? Among these conditions Dr. Quinton mentions the long sentences that were then so much in vogue. There were hundreds of habituals, he says, who were undergoing sentences of seven years'—and five years'—penal servitude, with long periods of police supervision to follow, for offences which would hardly call for twelve or six months' imprisonment at the present time. The prisoners, he adds, were absolutely incapable of comprehending the justice of these sentences, which, from their point of view, were out of all proportion to their offences. "What have I got this stretch for?" "I got this lagging for nothing." These were the constant excuses offered for refractory conduct. But it was not only the brutality of the sentences; the brutality of the punishments for prison offences still further degraded the convict population, and led to the wholesale mutilations which have now practically become a thing of the past. Dr. Quinton assumes, too lightly, that the prisoner of thirty years ago was naturally a much more desperate ruffian than the prisoner of to-day. Human nature does not change so quickly as this. The prisoner of a past generation was more brutal because he was more brutally treated, both by the criminal law and by the methods of the prison administration, than he is in these days. The more prisons have been humanised, the more the prisoner has become humanised. The milder régime of contemporary times has produced a milder type of offender against the law. Montesquieu's words will always remain true: "Brutal laws inevitably brutalise the population." One of the faults we have to find with Dr. Quinton is that he does not seem to realise this great truth in all its scope. He is too much inclined to deride prison reformers as sentimentalists. He describes the great movement of criminal and prison law reform which swept over the country about sixteen years ago, and in which the "*Daily Chronicle*" of that time took so distinguished a part, as an epidemic of

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sentimentalism. And yet we find him in the pages of his book agreeing with one after another of the reforms which these deluded sentimentalists were agitating for. He tells us that the crank and the treadwheel were "a kind of mental discipline that was not likely to have other than a demoralising influence on the prisoner." But it was the "sentimentalists" who succeeded in getting the crank and the treadwheel abolished. It was not the official wiseacres of the prison staff. Dr. Quinton is loud in praise of the industrialisation of prison labor, which has taken place since the issue of the report of the Gladstone Committee. But it was not orthodox officialdom which produced this great, and, as Dr. Quinton admits, beneficent, reform. It was the "sentimentalists." "The pecuniary advantages accruing to the public," says Dr. Quinton, "from this change of policy in regard to prison labor are not in themselves inconsiderable, but they are quite insignificant when compared with the physical, industrial, and moral benefits conferred on prisoners." But it was the "sentimentalists" who secured these physical, moral, and industrial benefits for the prison population. When the late M. Thiers was described by a political antagonist as a villain, he merely remarked that this was his opponent's method of saying that he disagreed with him. The peculiarity of Dr. Quinton's method is that all reformers are sentimentalists until their reforms are carried into effect. Immediately this takes place the reforms become of immense value. "The work of the Gladstone Committee," he admits, "was of immense value. Their recommendations embraced nearly every reform that has since been carried into effect. The asperities of the system were considerably softened, and reformatory features were developed which have tended to humanise the general working of the whole scheme, and to add enormously to its efficiency." It is perfectly true, as he says, that the criticism directed against the prison administration sixteen years ago was marked by considerable asperity. But the asperity arose out of the contemptuous refusal of the permanent heads of the prison department to touch the subject of reform. Officials of high standing and wide experience had begged over and over again for modifications of the system, to meet the demands of the times and the deeper knowledge which had been acquired as to the conditions producing crime. But the Prisons Department of those days was given over to a kind of Anglicised mandarinism, and it was impossible to get anything done. It was only after public opinion had expressed itself in an emphatic form, that the new methods, which Dr. Quinton now tells us have proved to be of immense value, had even a chance of being considered.

In concluding our notice, we are obliged to say that criminal statistics are not Dr. Quinton's strong point. We agree with him that the proportion of crime in this country tends, on the whole, and if we take a sufficiently long period, to diminish. But his test—the decrease of the daily average population confined within prison walls—is, by itself, no adequate proof of the decrease of crime. The population in our prisons on a given day depends on the duration of sentences. If sentences are continually made shorter, the people in prison on a given day will be fewer, even if crime is increasing; and, on the other hand, if sentences are lengthened, the proportion of the population in prisons will increase, even if crime is diminishing.

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that his invaluable work is concerned. Other pens will supply "an account of the spread of Christianity and modern progress" in that region during the seventeen years that it has been under British protection. In his inquiries, Mr. Roscoe was materially helped by the Regent, Sir Apolo Kagwa, who brought together a number of old chiefs and priests, from whom were obtained details of lore and customs, otherwise impossible to secure.

A general survey of Uganda precedes an exhaustive description of these, the several chapters comprising birth, marriage, and death ceremonies, with religion, government, industries, folklore, and proverbs, all told in a clear and vivid way, the more technical matters of anthropometry being set forth in elaborate tables at the end. Some faint traces of totemism are discernible in the names of the clans, and Professor Frazer, who has revised the proofs of the book, will welcome, as buttress to his conceptional theory, the statement that "in the earlier times it was thought possible to conceive without any intercourse with the male sex." It has become a commonplace of anthropology that, given similar conditions, we find correspondences, sometimes identities, of ritual and practice between races who could have had no intercourse. The explanation must lie in the basal unity of the human mind, whereby like things are explained in much the same way. Of this the present work furnishes some striking examples. One of these was the dedication of young girls to the temple service, their special duty being the guarding of the sacred fire, day and night, and also of "the sacred pipe and tobacco which were used by the mediums before giving the oracle." These inevitably recall the Roman virgin-priestesses who kept alive the holy fire on the altar of Vesta; and the priestesses of the shrine at Delphi, who, after self-induced clairvoyance, declared the will of the god. Then, in close correspondence with the taboos investing the Flamen Dialis, consecrated to Jupiter, are those which hedged in the autocrat King of Uganda. No one was allowed to see him eat; the wife chosen to bring his food had to turn her back on him; if she coughed, he speared her. Shortly after his accession he would go hunting, when a man was caught and killed to invigorate him. These, and kindred examples, add to the number of customs designed to keep the king hale and strong which Professor Frazer has collected in the third part of the new edition of "The Golden Bough."

The Baganda religion was polytheistic, some of the gods being thinly-disguised deified ancestors; others departmental nature-deities, as river, forest, and earthquake, the last-named being held responsible for that calamity, which was believed to be due to his shifting his position, a myth whose variants occur in both the Old World and the New. An innumerable company of dreaded ghosts haunted the living, or, "after paying their respects to Walumbe, the god of death," went back to their discarnate bodies, the common belief being that they dwell in the jawbone. Hence the veneration paid to this fragment, especially to that of the dead King, which was enshrined in a temple of its own. Divination, as usual, was in the hands of the medicine-men, one form, that by means of a fowl's entrails, being identical with that practised by the Roman augurs. There was the world-wide precaution against nail-parings, loose hairs, spittle, and excreta falling into the hands of the sorcerers and becoming vehicles of black magic; there was the equally world-wide dread of telling the name, and the watching for favorable omens for naming the newly-born. Sometimes choice of names must have been difficult, when, in so polygamous a community, "a man with one hundred children was not regarded as having a large family."

It is not to be inferred from the foregoing that the Baganda were on a low plane of culture. Their folk-tales, wherein animal shrewdness plays a prominent part, are on no mean level, and their proverbs fall into the definition of "the wit of one and the wisdom of many." Firearms were due to traffic with Arabs, but the arts of life had been independently developed. Iron was worked "from very early times"; ivory was deftly carved; pottery was well-shaped, and a large proportion of the population lived by pasturage and tillage. Beer was brewed from ripe plantains, and not the least entertaining part of the book is in the account of the varied social and sacred uses to which the liquor was put. The cow was the standard of currency,

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"Life and Sport on the Lower St. Lawrence." By N. A. COMEAU. (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

It is no exaggeration to say that ten books out of every twelve which deal with any form of sport are so badly put together, so carelessly written, and if one may so express it, so "amateurish," that unless the advice they impart be exceptionally practical, or the reader happen to be an enthusiast regarding the particular form of sport of which they treat, they prove wearisome reading in the extreme.

Consequently one feels gratified at coming upon a volume written obviously by a thoroughly practical sportsman who possesses in addition considerable literary ability. "Echoes of Sport," by Miss Hilda Murray, an artistically produced book, neatly illustrated with photographs taken by the Earl of Onslow and others, may well be held up as a pattern to the rank and file of sporting writers. For here is none of the egotistical spirit that so often mars books of this stamp. Nor are we surfeited with long-winded and wearisome descriptions of personal experiences that cannot by any possibility be of interest to any but the author's intimate friends; veiled or open attacks upon the body of the community that happens to be indifferent to all forms of sport; or moralising sermonettes made up for the most part of egregious platitudes strung together.

On the contrary, the author goes straight to the mark in each of her eleven charming essays, and she even has courage to admit that, devoted as she is to sport in all its branches, she yet regrets that indulgence in it should necessitate the taking of life.

"Unfortunately, the attainment of most of them involves killing, at best instantaneously. Here it is that hunting (especially fox-hunting) has its different characteristic. To find your fox and hunt him is, to the bulk of those who come out hunting, as good an attainment of object as to catch and kill him.

"Now, in all other sports the object is not attained unless the subject be killed—alas that it should be so!—but provided this be done as quickly and as painlessly as possible the odium of cruelty need not necessarily be incurred by the actual taking of life.

"For the beaten fox before he is killed, or, worse still, for the one who slinks into his hole or drain, exhausted, to die, I have the profoundest pity; and I would that his pain were not the price of our sport.

"To the huntsman the aim is doubtless to hunt and kill his fox; possibly half-a-dozen of the hardest riders share the double object with him, but to the majority of those who come out hunting, the object is to gallop and jump; and many of them would go on doing so just as happily if hounds were stopped and taken home, so long as they were unaware of the fact.

"Very few people hunt, though hundreds ride to hounds."

Then we have a descriptive passage which must appeal to all experienced in the joy of riding across country at the tail of a pack of hounds.

"A stretch of green and brown country in the heart of England's Midlands; one of those grey, soft days, when the smell of the earth must betoken scent; the music of hounds in a purpling covert or bristling gorse; a slim, tawny form slipping full split away.

"Soon your blood is tingling with the surge of galloping hoofs to the rhythm of which there is no equal on earth; the best horse you have ever ridden stretching out beneath you, strong and smooth, with the manners of a queen, the neck and shoulders of a racehorse, 'quarters to lift you smack over a town' and land you into the middle of the next field at every fence."

The author does not, however, deal only with hunting, though one is tempted to think that hunting is the form of sport she loves most. There are essays also on fishing, deer-stalking, shooting, and so on. On page 14 she perpetrates a delightful bull—"I had certainly not fired a shot-gun at a live object for five or six years, except for a few shots at clay pigeons."

"Echoes of Sport" is a book to read through and then keep in a book-case near at hand, for a chapter or two will make pleasant reading again at any time.

In quite a different category is Mr. E. P. Stebbing's "Jungle By-ways in India," dedicated by its author to the Earl of Minto. Mr. Stebbing was for sixteen years in the Indian Forest Service, and during that time he devoted most of his leisure to big-game shooting in the great jungle tracts of Hindustan, keeping all the time copious diaries of the sport which he obtained there. His book has been compiled almost wholly from these diaries.

The first half deals principally with the ways and habits of the beasts which he pursued, and is by far the most interesting part of the book. His remarks are based upon sound knowledge acquired at first hand, and his deductions should therefore be listened to attentively. Of particular interest to all who are fond of nature history and of wild life are the author's sketches of the tracks of the various animals that he has stalked, for he is first and foremost a man to whom "the call of the wild" appeals intensely. Indeed one can hardly fail to read between the lines of his book the contempt he feels for those "tenderfeet" who object to "roughing it" when in pursuit of sport. The rest of his pen-and-ink sketches, however, would be of greater value if they resembled less the figures on Bayeux tapestry, whilst the last hundred and fifty pages of the book are more suitable for a series of articles in "The Field" than for publication in a volume. This assertion is not made in any captious spirit. It means merely that pages and pages of continuous narrative of an author's doings when in pursuit of game make monotonous reading, whereas if given in short instalments they would be appreciated. Here is an extract typical of the many pages of continuous narrative referred to.

"Raising the rifle, I took careful sight on the animal and fired, and got in a second barrel as the beast started forward. We dashed at breakneck pace down the hill, got into the four-feet high grass at the bottom . . . and ran plump into a bison coming in our direction. I had reloaded as I ran down the hill, and fired point-blank at this beast at a distance of less than ten yards. My shot had the effect of turning him, and he made off in the wake of the retreating herd, which, after scattering in all directions, appeared from the noise ahead to be closing up as they breasted at a great pace a scrub, jungle-covered slope in front. This time I had no doubts, as I felt certain I had not missed. One of the two shots I fired from the crest had palpably missed the bison—gone over him. I had not allowed for the difficulty of firing down at objects almost directly below one. . . ."

And so on. He tells an amusing story of a callow youth who came out tiger-shooting with a Service Martini-Henry rifle, "a relic of his Oxford volunteering days," and to the amazement (and possibly the disgust) of the experts, shot with it three tigers in about as many minutes!

An interesting preface to "Life and Sport on the Lower St. Lawrence," by Mr. N. A. Comeau, is written by Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, who tells us that the author is popularly known in Labrador as "the Grenfell of Canadian Labrador." Doubtless Mr. Comeau's name is well-known to many readers of these lines, for at Godbout, where he resides, and where he has been guardian for fifty years, he is postmaster, telegrapher, deputy coroner, Dominion Government fishery overseer, and guardian of the salmon fishing. He has served as agent for the Hudson Bay Company, and he speaks the language of the Montagnais Indians as well as he speaks English and French. In addition he has been awarded medals by the Royal Humane Society, the Governor of the Dominion, and the Société des Chevaliers Sauveteurs des Alpes Maritimes of Nice, "for rowing with his brother, in an open canoe in midwinter, through forty miles of ice, exposed to a temperature of many degrees below zero, for two days and a night, in a successful effort to save the lives of two of his friends."

His book is a record of tales of adventure, all of which ring true, and it contains also a fund of natural history lore and of matter to do with woodcraft. The pages seem to exhale the atmosphere of vast rivers and mighty forests where, as Mark Twain's Irishman said, "the hand of man has never trod." This truly is a fascinating volume, as unlike the ordinary run of works of the kind as it well could be. For there is no savor whatever in it of the writings of what may be termed the "sportsman-adventurer-author," a stamp of man who of recent years has threatened to become ubiquitous—in print. Mr. Comeau writes probably just as he talks; as one can imagine he would

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"The incorrect formulation of the fundamental conceptions by A. Zorn has not prevented his fully adhering in particular points to the resolutions adopted at The Hague. He also agrees with me in rejecting the theory of Stein, which would subject to confiscation all that is material of war, and in so doing draws no distinction between private and public property—an untenable view, which Röpcke has recently tried to bring into currency."

At the same time, it is fair to say that whereas a meaning frequently lurks under the crust of German technical terms, it is sometimes lost by the translator's art. Nevertheless, if one has courage and perseverance, there is much to be learnt by perusing the book, and an entrance to it is made easy by the admirably vigorous and stimulating introduction of Mr. J. M. Robertson, in the course of which he tackles successfully the very brilliant book of Mr. T. G. Bowles on "Sea Law and Sea Power." Mr. Robertson argues that the capture of an enemy's commerce never has brought a war to an end. There is no historical case. Mr. Bowles states in the boldest way that we beat Napoleon by preying upon French commerce; and one of his trump cards is a statement that, at Bayonne and at Paris, in 1813, the price of brown sugar had risen to six shillings a pound, and that coffee and tea were also very expensive, owing to the stoppage of French sea-borne commerce. Mr. Robertson makes excellent play with this, and eventually arrives at the same conclusion as the Lord Chancellor—namely, that the right policy for England, as well as for the world, is to abandon the "booty-right."

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Dr. Wehberg begins with an historical review, then gives one or two chapters about the Law of Prize on Land, and finally dedicates the remaining three-quarters of the book to the Law of Prize on Sea. He is well read in the books of French and German international jurists, and has studied reports of The Hague Conferences; but as regards the history of the subject in England, he seems to be almost entirely ignorant. He knows nothing of Cobden and Mill, or the Resolutions of the Chambers of Commerce, or of Brougham, or of Bentham, or Maine. Apparently Dr. Wehberg is not even aware of Lord Loreburn's famous letter to the "Times," which has been the principal contribution to the subject in recent years, and has given a great impetus to the progress of English opinion. Nevertheless, Dr. Wehberg sees quite clearly that the English mercantile marine, by reason of its enormous size and world-wide operations, is far more vulnerable than the German, or, indeed, that of any other nation. Consequently "the abolition of the law of prize would be overwhelmingly advantageous to England."

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"VAGABOND CITY" is an original piece of work, full of wit and understanding, with an occasional relapse into rather bad sentimentalism, quickly redeemed, however, by the ironic humor that characterises the book all through. Incidentally, it is a serious, almost bitter, indictment of the way marriages are made in some middle-class circles, where girls who do not marry have an intolerable future before them. "What a pity women had to marry anybody they could, or be old maids!" was the way Muriel Talbot put it, in the shock of her first disillusionment. The author, Miss Winifred Boggs, keeps her values right, and presents the miserable situation with almost brutal fairness to both man and woman. It is difficult to feel more sorry for one than for the other, though easy enough to like Michael, with his vagabond experience of a wider life, far better than his peevish, conventional, rather common wife, with her narrow views and total lack of humor. The first year of their married life, spent in a remarkably uncomfortable cottage in the New Forest, is the theme of the book. There is a tragedy at the end, connected with the inevitable other woman—to do Miss Boggs justice, she has by no means treated Muriel's rival in the usual manner, and there is a refreshing absence of jealousy between the two women—and there are tragedies in Mick's past to which allusions, rather too frequent and rather too discursive, are made here and there in the course of the narrative. But the merit of the book, and the book is in its way an achievement, lies in its admirable characterisation, in its humorous point of view, in its avoidance of the commonplace. The little group of people who manage, somehow or other, to come together under the leaking roof of the borrowed cottage are so delightfully real and living, that the absence of plot—there is no lack of everyday incident—simply does not matter. Mrs. Hobbs, who cooks perfectly, except when she goes off to be converted and comes back intoxicated, is, perhaps, a little overdrawn; but Muriel is pitilessly real, and, from another point of view, so is her rich relative, Mr. Higgins, who—

"classed women as inferior, mentally, physically, and, on the whole, morally, to his own sex; he allowed them souls, certainly, but smaller souls. As an adjunct to a man they had a certain use in the world, and some of them were even intelligent; but of single women over twenty-eight he most strongly disapproved: he spoke of them as an 'unfortunate institution.'"

Mr. Higgins is, however, most characteristic in his own home, where he is managed, without dreaming that he does not manage everything and everybody, by an equally well-drawn wife. In his own home—

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deems himself in the eyes of the right woman by giving up his heritage, because once, before he met her, he had lived with the wrong woman, a rather pathetic little governess—not tiresomely pathetic, however—who had only a year to live, and had never known any other happiness. The account of his relations with the wrong woman is one of the best passages in the book. Clem Holland, the right woman, who loses her heritage by marrying Tristram, is pleasantly unsentimental. "Is he really, really the only man in the world you could marry?" asks a school friend about the man she has inadvertently engaged herself to, before the advent of the gipsy clerk.

"Oh Lord!" cried Clem, exasperated, "what rot you talk! My dear innocent, you and I might marry nine men out of a dozen, and be quite decently happy. That twin-soul stuff is twaddle. It isn't a twin soul you marry, in nine cases out of ten, but the man next door. . . . Why, my twin soul may be in Chicago—how am I to ferret him out? He probably wouldn't be suitable, anyhow; married already, or a coon, or wall-eyed."

The more interesting part of the book does not deal with the love between Tristram and Clem although their passionate discovery of it is done well enough, but lies in the woodland passages, in Tristram's hypnotic power over birds and beasts, in the general atmosphere of the wood and the moor that the author has infused into his work.

There is nothing particularly inspired about Mr. Robert W. Chambers's latest novel, and Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's pretty pictures of young men and girls illustrate it aptly. "The Common Law" is a rather spun-out tale of studio-life in America, in which pleasant artist-folk rub shoulders with unpleasant society-folk, and snobbishness of a kind that would be considered old-fashioned on this side of the Atlantic seems to control actions and influence lives to a somewhat extraordinary extent. Most of the incident revolves round the love of a successful painter, nicknamed Kelly, for his model, Valérie West. He wishes to marry her; she refuses to be legally bound, knowing the prejudices of his family and their set. The family, represented generally by a married sister, Lily, make no secret of their vulgar point of view.

"Do you mean to say she will not marry you if you ask her?" began Lily, incredulously.

"Absolutely."

"Why?"

"For your sakes—yours, and mother's, and father's—and for mine."

There was a long silence, then Lily said unsteadily: "There—there seems to be a certain nobility—about her."

"It is a pity—a tragedy—that she is what she is!"

"It is a tragedy that the world is what it is," he said.

After this, one is ready to believe what the author says elsewhere in the book: "When breeding goes to pieces, it makes a worse mess of it than does sheer vulgarity." For the rest, the story is a commonplace one, if interesting in a mild way. The studio scenes are amusing, though one seems to have come across them before in similar stories of Bohemian life; the best is decidedly that in which Kelly's friends find him striking out a new line in his portrait of Valérie, and criticise it in the puzzled uncertain way of friends landed in such a predicament. Readers who are not persistent in their search after truth or originality, will read "The Common Law" with considerable pleasure. Those who have always felt that Mr. Chambers takes too low a view of his own talent will again be disappointed.

The only obvious justification for the pretentious title of Mr. W. B. Trites's new novel is to be found in the incoherence of the plot. "Life," as he has called it, presents a series of incidents with very little to connect them; and the people who take part in them are not sufficiently alive to compensate the reader for this breathless method of narrative. And all the while one is conscious of effort on the part of the writer. He works hard to explain his characters, to show how interesting they are. Again and again is Barbara described as "the beautiful young girl"; her career is full of events—we meet her first behind the tie counter of a draper's establishment, and, after pursuing her through a series of successes on the stage, leave her, we are not quite sure why, at a bull-fight—yet to the end she remains as dead and as unattractive as a woman would be in real life if she were always described as a beautiful young girl. Without a saving blemish in feature or charac-

ter, she presents an impenetrable front always; and it is easy to agree with her lover when he felt that "she was so exquisite in her white dress, it seemed useless to discuss with her aught save jewels or ribbons." That her "sturdy mind" induced him to persevere has to be taken on trust; there is little evidence of it in anything she ever says or does or thinks. Yet there is much in the book that, handled with greater skill, might have been made interesting. The conception of the millionaire doctor, devoting his life to science and losing it in the pursuit of a serum, is good; but the man himself fails to get beyond print and paper, and his death from tetanus, described with apparent accuracy, fails to be tragic; it is merely and unnecessarily realistic. Jerome, the grocer's assistant who becomes a millionaire, is the most human person in the book, and his unfaltering devotion to Barbara is hard to explain, unless on the assumption that he found in her the qualities she is constantly said to possess. There are, besides, a number of unpleasant people in the book—the sort of unpleasant people one generally meets in a world where a certain kind of realism is mistaken for "Life."

"The Roundabout," by Miss Gladys Mendl, apparently derives its name from some kind of notion in the writer's mind that life is constituted on the principle of a roundabout, and from her conviction that she has presented a piece of life from this particular point of view. The attempt is ambitious, but not very successful. It is hard to see why Jessica, an artist with money, should make quite such a failure of her marriage with Stone, an artist without money, nor why her four hundred a year should allow her to run deeply into debt, and should so corrupt his ideals as to wreck the love between them and drive him to drink. They are an exceedingly morbid couple of young people, and Jessica's friend, Anne, is refreshingly sensible and healthy by comparison, though doomed to die within the year of consumption. It is pleasant to hear in the last chapter of Anne's recovery at Davos; but the suicide of Stone and Jessica's marriage to the lover whom she never loved until she married somebody else, stir no emotion in the reader. Miss Mendl has not done quite what she set out to do in her book, and she has not sufficiently studied the way that people talk under the stress of emotion.

It is a pity that Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin gives the rein quite so much to her love of sentiment, especially where motherhood is in question. The mother in "Mother Carey" is a delightful person, except when the author sentimentalises about her; left to herself, she is a real, human mother, alternately worried and rendered outrageously happy by her four very human children; but directly she comes under the dissecting knife of her creator, she grows impossibly divine—and extremely old for her age. It is surely unnecessary to add, after telling us that the color came and went in her cheek, that "she was forty, but it was a lovely cheek still." Sentiment also plays a large part in the plot, which has a familiar ring about it; it is not the first time in fiction that we seem to have read of a family, bereft at one blow of father and fortune, and compelled to retire to a country cottage and lead the simple life. But it is not difficult to forget blemishes of this sort in reading about Mother Carey's chickens—her own four jolly girls and boys, and the priggish girl-cousin, who is the daughter of Uncle Allan, described deliciously by Nancy as having had "nervous prostration and all of mother's money." And we are strongly suspicious that the author is, after all, sentimental with her tongue in her cheek; for she allows Cousin Ann to bring this very accusation against the family in one of the most humorous passages in the book.

"You can't tell much by manners," replied Cousin Ann.

"I think you're entirely too soft and sentimental, but we all have our faults. . . . I think you oughtn't to have had four children, and having had them you needn't have taken another one in, though she's turned out better than I expected. . . . I don't want to be thanked; but there's so much demonstration in your family you can't understand anybody's keeping themselves exclusive. . . . Kissing comes as easy to you as eating, but I never could abide it. . . . I don't give because I see things are needed, but because I can't spend my income unless I do give. . . . But all that is none of my business, I suppose, and wrong-headed as you are, I like you better than most folks, which isn't saying much."

Without the last qualifying phrase, this is more or less the way we feel about "Mother Carey" and her family.

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